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A DAY OF MY LIFE IN CHAMBERS.

BY A BRIEFLESS BARRISTER.

FICTION, in her theatrical wardrobe, has two changes of raiment, in one or other of which she invariably arrays the briefless barrister to present him to the public. If he will not be a bright butterfly fluttering in the sunshine of Mayfair, briefless but happy, he must make up as the broken-down old man with bowed shoulders and frayed shirt-cuffs, whose opportunity never came, or came and was missed. These two are the only conceptions which Fiction, in her poor old conventional way, can form of the great class to which I belong; but I repudiate them both, and why? I am no creature of Fiction's fancy, but a real living thing with a wig and gown and bands, and a certain capacity, if not opportunity, for hard work.

And so it comes to pass that day by day I go down to my chambers, and sit there from ten o'clock till six—that is to say, if I do not leave earlier. Now sitting is an excellent position, and altogether desirable if you have been standing, say, for three hours in the pit of a theatre; but sitting pure and simple, without even the consolation which cheers the barn-door fowl, that something will come of it, is very hard work.

Not but what I am rather proud of belonging to the profession. It is nice to be able to give out that you're 'at the Bar,' if you do it with discretion. To young ladies (without brothers) and elderly squires you may say it in a tone of voice that suggests intimacy with the Attorney and Solicitor General, and a nodding acquaintance generally with all the Judges on the Bench, and

this creates an impression ; but, to the world that knows, you use a deprecating accent, accompanied by a slight shrug of the shoulders, as if to disarm suspicion that you are conceited enough to think that you can get on. Mothers, when they speak of you in the early days of your career, generally adopt the first manner, as mine did on a particular occasion to a gentleman of her acquaintance, who answered, ' Ah well, he can always be sure of two hundred and fifty a year at that.' My mother was delighted, and eagerly asked for the recipe. ' By giving it up,' was the reply, and since then she has moderated her tone.

But to return. It is not without a certain sense of importance that I enter my chambers of a morning and inquire of my clerk (a boy of fourteen summers, who will recur, as we say of decimals) if there are any letters or papers for me. Three circulars are on my table, and the ' Law Reports' have arrived—two paper volumes arrayed in distinctive colours, one of them in a blue cover, the other looking as if it had been dipped in gooseberry fool or æsthetic wall-paint. The ' Law Reports,' to a barrister, are the next best thing to a brief. He can con them over, mark them with a blue pencil, write references in the margin, and otherwise make pretence to be bringing his mind to bear on a question of law. This little imposition is immensely helped by furrowing the brows, and pursing up the mouth till the lips are eliminated and the corners turned down, and the whole feature made to resemble, as much as possible, a well-marked-out bowling crease. This occupation lasts for about an hour, and then it begins to pall. I rise and go to the window. Now, if my professional outlook is a poor one, it will bear no comparison with the outlook from my windows, which is dismal. On the left-hand side is a wall—a steep ugly wall of new brick, unrelieved by any window whatsoever. It is the back wall of a huge new building which towers above my tenement (and makes my chimney smoke, by the way). Why it should have no windows is not apparent ; perhaps my landlord has a right to ancient lights, which condemns them to latter-day darkness ; architecturally and socially, it would be preferable that it should have windows. On the other side is much the same thing, but lower, so that the eye is met by more roof and less wall. In front is much the same thing again, but varied by more windows. On the roof two men are engaged in putting up a pole, presumably to carry telegraph wires. Their principal business seems to be to shout to a third man on the

ground; he shouts back again, and they shake their heads; then he rails in his mouth with his hands, and screams; the men on the roof, by pantomimic gestures, convey to him that they still do not hear; so the third man, after two more vain attempts, by which he succeeds in disturbing everybody within hearing who wishes to be quiet, suddenly conceives the exceedingly cunning plan of going a few steps up the ladder and so getting within earshot.

The space enclosed between these walls is a rectangular yard, about the size of three or four lawn-tennis courts. It was once turfed, but the huge building on the left, already alluded to, as it rose and rose buried the little oasis with bricks and rubble, as Mount Vesuvius, when it erupts, smothers the country at its base with lava. Distance—a considerable distance—would lend enchantment to this view.

Turning from the window, I sit down to write a poem for a magazine that shall be entitled 'A Barrister's Outlook.' I have no claim, it is true, to be considered a poet, or even a stringer together of words that rhyme—anyone will tell you that—but barristers are supposed to be literary, especially the briefless ones. Their sisters say to friends, 'Oh no, Charlie has not had any briefs yet; he writes for the papers.' They never specify what papers. Perhaps Charlie does not tell them. If solicitors refuse to tap us, then the good wine of our understanding must run off at the spigot of authorship, as George Eliot puts it. But hark! A knock at the outer door. Can it be a client? 'A Barrister's Outlook' disappears into the waste-paper basket—shall we say, not for the last time?—and the 'Law Reports' are in hasty requisition. The boy of fourteen knocks at the door, and ushers in an elderly gentleman, carrying a black bag. His appearance is more that of a Nonconforming cleric than of a solicitor. His trousers are black, his coat has been so. His neck, the spot to which the eye in such cases naturally turns for information, affords none; what might be a stock may equally well be a collar half-hidden by the coat, but the black bag is reassuring. He will not take a seat, but, placing the bag upon the table, pulls out a black linen case, constructed after the fashion of an envelope with a flap falling over; the inside is divided by a partition like a two-stall stable, and contains in either stall a volume in claret cloth with red edges. 'A little book of my own,' he explains; 'my own idea. The principle you will understand at once—it is very simple. "Correlative Coincidences" I call it—Shakespeare anno-

tated. You will observe that wherever, in the brains of another author, I have been able to trace the same rivulet of thought as rippled through the mind of our greatest of bards, I have placed the quotation below, in the form of illustration, comment, or rider. Thus, to the celebrated lines in "Richard the Third"—

"My conscience hath a thousand several tongues,
And every tongue brings in a several tale,
And every tale condemns me for a villain—"

you will see appended a—commentary, shall we call it? from the Scripture—

"The tongue can no man tame: *it is an unruly evil.*"

If the other quotations are all as apposite as this, the work must be one of great value. I tell him this gravely; he is immensely pleased. These, it appears, are the last two volumes of the series. Shall he say the whole series for me at five-and-twenty shillings, or these two volumes at ten? It had been good for me if that unfortunate remark about the appositeness had never been born; he thinks I meant it. This is what comes of trying to be sarcastic. It would never do to tell him now that it was only my fun. Think how flat it would sound; besides, he might abuse me. No, he has me fairly hooked, and the only hope of escape is to—wriggle off. I am trying to explain that my Shakespeare is already annotated with parallel passages collected by myself from my own reading, but the little man will not let me have my say. Knowing by experience that if you would land your fish you must not give him breathing time, he dashes in again, confident that the book is exactly what I want, and not admitting the possibility of a doubt that I shall take it. I do. It has not been successfully wriggled by me, and he has me safe in the landing-net. Shamefacedly my fingers steal to the pocket of my waistcoat and arrest half-a-sovereign on what they know to be a false pretence, and hand it over to the custody of the little man, who presently bows himself out backwards, the ill-omened black bag being the last thing to disappear. Then, when I am in full flow of cursing my weakness—my abject, miserable weakness—he pops in his head again to say that he is not quite sure whether he had sufficiently pressed upon my notice the other volumes, and this in the tone of a host apologising to his guest for not having asked him if he would take another glass of sherry before joining the ladies. Absolutely distrusting my powers of resistance, I make a dash for my hat, and only by wild assertions of being already late for an

important engagement do I get him out of the room, when I replace my hat upon its peg and sink back exhausted into a chair.

My clerk—I like to call him my clerk, the term reflects importance upon myself—is, as I have already said, a boy of some fourteen years of age, who has been turned out by the School Board presumably fit to do such light work as is involved in the correct spelling of words of two syllables, and the solving of arithmetical problems that postulate an acquaintance with multiplication and division. He sits alone in a little antechamber at the receipt of custom, or rather, to put it correctly, where custom should be received, and his duty is to usher clients to my presence. This does not employ all his time, and the intervals he spends in producing strange noises with his tongue, like the opening of ginger-beer bottles, or in playing a species of fives with an indiarubber ball, a game which is so far unlike the month of March that it comes in like a lamb and goes out like a lion. At first you can barely detect it; the ball itself seems aware that this is a stolen indulgence, and falls delicately, fearful of being returned to the second-class society of a broken knife, a clammy bull's-eye, and sundry pieces of string in the pocket of its lord and master's inexpressibles; but anon the excitement of the thing carries away both player and playee (forgive the legal termination), there is a scramble, a sound of staggering footfalls trying to recover, and down falls either a chair or an ink bottle, or my clerk himself, if not all three; and then I go out like a lion too—— It has been done; order is restored for the nonce, and wise words have fallen once more upon unfruitful soil. I think he regards me with a kind of contempt. He ought to be in a position to swagger to other clerks of 'our clients,' as one coachman will to another of 'our 'osses,' and my having no clients humbles him among his fellows, as the coachman is humbled whose master only 'drives single.'

I had ideas once, large-hearted, philanthropic ideas, of a system of education, of winning a young clerk's heart, and binding him to me for life by golden chains of gratitude. The whole thing lay mapped out before me; my pupil was to take an intelligent interest in his work, the interest shortly developing into an insatiable appetite; there were to be difficulties at first, difficulties which should thaw, melt, and finally disappear in an atmosphere of patient kindness, and these happily removed, education was to—

well, was to stride like a giant refreshed with wine. I cannot, at this moment, be quite sure where I got the notion from, whether it was from a Sunday-school story book, or from one of the Universities' settlements in the East End of London; all I know is that I could never get it to work, nor my clerk either for that matter. 'Appleboy,' I say (he is called by his surname to give him self-reliance), 'Appleboy, bring me your sum-book.' He brings it resentfully, a small paper book, purporting to be arranged for Standard V. It is clear he wishes me to understand that barristers' clerks are not schoolboys. I turn over the leaves and find that we are due to begin Practice. How you do Practice I have not the vaguest remembrance; at least it is going too far to say not the vaguest, for in some undisturbed pigeon-hole of my brain there is the dusty remembrance of a schoolroom, and a slate, and three parallel straight lines drawn with a ruler; the ruler, if I remember right, had other functions besides drawing lines (on the slate that is); and then a very laborious method of producing a result which might have been arrived at much quicker by short cuts instead of parallel straight lines. However that may be, the straight lines are now my sheet-anchor. Never mind what you do with them, if they are there, the sum must be Practice, the only question being how to use them. Find the value of forty-seven pigs at seven pounds, nine shillings, and elevenpence halfpenny. 'You see,' I explain, 'you put the forty-seven pigs at the head of the columns' (this sounds like a military operation with the commissariat in the van), 'then you multiply them by seven, and by nine, and by five and a half, and add it all up; you understand?' He says he does, evidently with a view of getting back to his fives, and retires with orders to be diligent, and a short homily on the advantages of learning arithmetic as a step to rising in the world.

Ten minutes of comparative calm, spent on my part in the adding of two more lines to the 'Barrister's Outlook'; two lines is a perceptible increase, gladdening to the heart of a young poet, but the easy flow of inspiration is brought up short by an obstacle in midstream, and, like the course of true love, no longer runs smooth for want of a suitable word to rhyme to 'patience.' I go doggedly through the alphabet, thus: atience, batiencie, catience; if only there is a word it shall work in somehow;—yatience, zatience; there is no word, and the progress of a great poem is at a standstill. As for destroying a line once happily brought forth after much travail, do not suggest such a thing.

And then I fall to speculating whether it may be that the real poets are ever reduced to this extremity. Imagine the Laureate running up the scale of the alphabet, checking off the letters on his fingers, to find a word that will rhyme, and then pressing it into the service neck and crop; only that when Laureates find it difficult to suit themselves, they can dispense with rhyming altogether, and leave it to the particular society which worships them, whether at Girton, Somerville Hall, or elsewhere, to point out such little eccentricities as the peculiar beauty of their style; but your fledgling fetish is worshipped by no dervishes. Truly the path of genius is hard, and stony withal to the feet of those that climb.

My soliloquy, having reached this point, is interrupted by the fall of something heavy in the antechamber, and then, almost before the sound has died away, the door opens, and Master Appleboy appears, holding his sum-book in one hand and his exercise-book in the other. He has evidently thought it a strategical move to assail me first, and divert attention while the ink, which he has probably upset, burrows away out of sight into the carpet; that article of furniture, once red, resembles nothing so much now as a huge blotting-pad. He hands me the exercise-book and remarks that he doesn't know how to go on; he has put the pigs down as I told him, but doesn't know what to do next; that picture of a pig in the right-hand bottom corner was designed to assist his imagination. I put my pencil ruthlessly through the portrait, and reverting to the forty-seven arithmetical pigs, ask, 'What is the next thing to be done?' 'Reduce them to ha'pence,' he suggests. 'Reduce what to ha'pence?' 'The pigs.' His expression is one of density, flavoured with a kind of furtive impudence. 'Yes'—this is very sarcastic—and how do you reduce pigs to ha'pence? He looks puzzled for a minute, and then suggests selling them. 'Go and do it, then!' I shout, and he leaves the room not one whit abashed, to resume the occupation of playing fives or cutting holes with his pocket-knife in anything that comes handiest. So much for my philanthropic ideas, and the progress of education like a giant refreshed with wine. The giant has had too much wine, and his movements are of the circular or rotatory order, which do not advance.

Another knock! Delightful sound, pregnant with possibilities. Once more the waste-paper basket is in requisition; the 'Law Reports' are not instantly visible, but the 'Chronological Index to

the Statutes' will do just as well, and flies open at the heading 'Benefice—Simoniacal Presentation.'

I hear my name pitched in an interrogative key, and feel strongly moved to cry out, 'Yes, all right, I'm here,' but fortunately remember that my cue is to be absorbed in 'Simoniacal Presentation.' Down goes my head into the book, the door opens, an expression of abstraction steals over my features as I raise my eyes to welcome a solicitor. A pretty piece of acting, quite an artistic study, but thrown away. It is not a solicitor. You knew that all along, you say. Yes, gentle reader, but then you are not a briefless barrister, building castles in the air: your heart does not throb at a knock on the door, unless, indeed, you suffer from heart disease or an uneasy conscience, which I cannot suppose.

Not a solicitor: what then?

A man of seedy appearance, who, if not an omnibus conductor, which he mostly resembles, may possibly have been turned out by Nature as a cheap specimen of a travelling tinker, a greasy man with a shifty cunning eye, and a manner the obsequiousness of which is only one degree removed from impertinence, equally prepared to cringe or to bully, as circumstances might direct. He hopes he is not disturbing me, but has taken the liberty of stepping up just to bring to my notice his famous polish, a bottle of which he produces, and which he thinks he may say, without fear of contradiction, will bear comparison with—I interrupt here to ask him what on earth he supposes I want with polish. He disclaims hastily any notion of having suggested that I should *buy* his polish: from his tone you might gather that my chambers were a sort of international exhibition, and he a gold medal exhibitor. A pause, and then he murmurs, as if to himself, something about its being splendid for furniture. Your impostor with something to sell never begins by asking you to buy in so many words; he merely wishes to show you the article as a personal friend, because he knows you will appreciate it; then, if you show your appreciation by wishing him good-morning, he begins to feel sure that only an immediate purchase will save you from the misery of a lifelong regret.

I tell him that I don't clean my own furniture, I pay an old lady downstairs to do that, and he had better interview her upon the subject. The idea of the old lady downstairs seems distasteful to him, and he does not budge, but, keeping his eyes well on the ground, is attracted apparently by my Day and Martin. 'It's

wonderful stuff for boots,' he says in a tone of mingled soliloquy and command. I mention the fact that I don't clean my own boots either. Then ensues another pause, in which he says nothing, and seems to be taking root in the carpet. I am comparing him to the importunate widow, and wishing that I were an unjust judge, in which case he would most certainly be committed for contempt or abuse of the process of the court. His eyes have strayed to the bookcase. 'That 'd take a beautiful polish,' he says, 'a bee-ootiful polish,' he repeats, stroking his dirty hand down a mahogany pillar, 'you'd be surprised.' And, without waiting for permission, draws a very filthy rag from his pocket and breathes on the wood by way of preliminary. It does not affect him that I take no notice, and pretend to be engrossed in 'Simoniackal Presentation.' His breathing is very audible as he prepares the way for more polish; if I were the books I should object. It is very annoying, this, to have your room taken possession of by a dirty vagrant with a polish, who refuses to go; I should not wonder if he offered to anoint my head with it next. 'There!' he exclaims, 'I told yer 'ow it'd be. Splendid, ain't it?' I grunt out a sort of sulky acquiescence, whereupon he offers, if I am not satisfied, to do the other too. He has evidently no intention of going now, and the worst of it is that I feel myself at his mercy; he has acquired the right to remain by virtue of uninterrupted possession, and must be bought out. I put sixpence on the corner of the table nearest the door, as you offer a carrot to a jibbing horse to tempt him along the way he should go. He pockets the coin as if he were doing me a favour, but does not go. I point out to him that I am busy. He apologises, and explains that the price of the polish is eighteenpence; its real price is two shillings, but he is willing to make a reduction in my—— 'Hang you and your polish!' I shout, now fairly roused. 'Who, do you suppose, wants your beastly polish? 'Be off!' And he is off, through the antechamber and down the stairs with a rapidity that is certainly wonderful, and makes me wish I had been sensible enough to raise my voice before.

I console myself by boxing the ears of my clerk for doing nothing, and ask him what on earth he means by letting in any one except solicitors, to which he mutters under his breath, snivelling, that at that rate the door might as well be kept locked right away, so I pretend not to hear what he says. I have come off badly this morning.

All the morning gone. No work done, if you except two lines of a poem, and those not rhyming, and no solicitors interviewed.

'Seven hours to law,' writes Sir William Jones, 'to soothing slumber seven : ten to the world allot——' Oh, upright judge! oh, learned judge! the world shall have one now. There have been men who have given less than its appointed share to law; nay, during the season, have put slumber too on short commons, but the world is no more to be trifled with than General Picton of famous memory, and the world just now says 'luncheon.' Now luncheon as a meal has a position and an individuality peculiarly its own. It is the pocket aneroid of the mental system at mid-day. Coffee, roll, and butter signifies depression; grilled bones and Bass points to a settled calm; between the two lies the chop, and a rise or fall for the afternoon depends in this case very much on the quality of the viand: a good chop will coax a doubtful temper back to reason, a bad one is a very cyclone for disturbing the coasts in the afternoon. In my present condition a chop represents the state of the atmosphere, and it is much to be desired, in the interests of Appleboy, that that chop should be a good one.

Behold me then seated at a small marble table doing battle with sundry plethoric flies that will settle on my head. Flies are a great nuisance; it must be that they have no ambition to be popular in their generation, or they would adopt a less pushing demeanour. Butterflies are so different, they like admiration and flirt with you at a distance, but the bumptious familiarity of the blue-bottle entitles him to be widely disliked. A desperate sortie made with the hope of dislodging the enemy from a position which he has taken up on the bridge of my nose is so far successful as to clear that eminence, but dislodges at the same time the cruet-stand on the table, which falls with a crash to the floor. The mustard-pot vents its feelings upon my trousers in the descent, while the pepper and salt are scattered broadcast. I wish I had let the fly alone; such victories, like Malplaquet, are worse than many defeats.

The waiter hurries up with his napkin. He flicks the pepper and salt right and left along the floor, producing convulsions of sneezing from an old tabby cat which was prowling under the seat in the hope of scraps; then, before I can stop him, dabs the cloth down upon my trousers, and makes the second state of those garments incomparably worse than the first. 'Thank you,' I say,

'that will do, you've improved them immensely.' There must be something wrong with my sarcasms, they never seem to get home, and he answers cheerily that he doesn't think it will show much *now* (with an emphasis on the 'now'), and recommends having them washed when I get home. I look him over, wondering vaguely what he knows about washing; his face and hands are very dirty, his shirt front is the colour of an envelope that has been through the post, and his tie may have done duty as a bandage for a wounded finger. His clothes are one mass of stains of all sizes as close together as the islands in the *Ægean Sea*, while a new yellow splash near the left armpit marks the return of his napkin after fatigue duty on my trousers. There should be a covenant in every lease of restaurants providing for the white-washing and papering of waiters, just as much as for painting the woodwork. If ever I get to the top of my profession I will see to it.

This idea has a mollifying influence which enables me to eat my chop with a better grace than at one time seemed probable, and when my bill is paid, including an item for cruets, Appleboy's prospects of an intempestuous afternoon have improved considerably, if only the mustard plaister on my nether man does not prove too constant an irritant.

On my return to chambers that young gentleman is sitting awkwardly on a corner of his chair very much out of breath; he explains this by saying that he has just been poking the fire, but a single glance round his office puts it beyond a doubt that my advent has interrupted an exciting game of fives; right hand against left probably, the former conceding two points; at least that, I know, used to be the handicap from a glowing account which he once accidentally left in my room purporting to be a true description of the match for the championship written for the 'Sporting Life.' I charge him with it, but he repudiates the suggestion with scorn, and stops further discussion by informing me that the postman has left a packet in my absence—— Yes, there it is, a long white envelope directed to '——, Esq., Barrister-at-Law.' Nothing illegal—I mean to say other than of a legal nature, was ever found in an envelope of that build. Hurrah! a case for opinion perhaps, or a statement of claim to draw, or a brief in a county court. But it will not do to seem too eager, even to myself, it looks so like inexperience, so I draw up my chair to the fire, and sitting down with my legs crossed take up the packet

casually, as if such arrivals were of daily occurrence, but having got so far I can carry out the little deception no longer, and in an instant my anxious fingers have possessed themselves of the contents. The first thing to meet my eye is the main enclosure, with the words 'Draft Copy of Agreement for Lease' endorsed on the back. Capital, so far; a squabble doubtless between landlord and tenant. Which am I for? I wonder. Ah, here's a note:

'DEAR EDWARD' (that doesn't sound like a solicitor),—

'My maid Sarah, who, as perhaps you know, is leaving my service, after being with me for twenty-three years, to take care of her now decrepit father, has just taken the lease of a cottage at Peckham. Would you, like a good boy, run through the copy, which I enclose, and see that they are not cheating her.—Ever your affectionate

'AUNT MATILDA.

'P.S.—Be sure to see that there is a proper understanding about drains. They are so important.'

'Appleboy,' I say, solemnly putting on my hat, 'if anyone calls for me, say I've gone to attend a funeral.'

Who could stop in chambers after that? There is a straw which is not the first, and it breaks the camel's back.

THE DEAN'S SISTER.

THE days on which the Peninsular and Oriental steamships touch at Malta are days of mortification to the ordinary guests at Durnsford's. For a few hours the white corner house with the green shutters is given up to Babel. A crowd of people, fussily important because they are bound to the East or from the East, pour into the hotel, talking loudly in the passages—about Shepheard's or Colombo—and driving into corners the timid residents, to whom yesterday Durnsford's was a home. They engross, these newcomers, the jalousied windows, they monopolise the shady balconies, and standing on these turn up their noses even at Government House. As for the luncheon table, they swoop down upon it like harpies, and drive the waiters crazy. Beppo resigns himself to tears. Angelo, a man of sterner stuff, locks himself into the china closet, and utters dainty oaths in *lingua Franca*.

All this occurs on an average once a week; and as often, the hotel lions, with certain exceptions, become lions couchant and passant. On a certain Friday in last February the storm raged about the house with quite phenomenal fury; and there were two exceptions, and two only. They were the Dean of Dromore and his daughter. It was strange. No one took their places. No one opened the window behind them, or snatched away the dish while their hands hung fateful over the ripest mandarin, or did any of the things to them which drove common people—nay, even Lady Druitt and her niece—to beat an early retreat.

But then the dean was one of a thousand; a man of portly, handsome presence, tall, fresh-coloured, clean-shaven. His manner smacked of Eton, and command. Blue-jackets and marines looked after him in the street, and the former spoke of him as 'that there king.' At the Union Club it was whispered that good judges had taken him for President Grévy, the Cardinal Legate (in *muftibus*), and the Bishop of Gibraltar. It was certain that he had condescended to the Governor, and set the Admiral right on a point of tactics.

Even now, as he sat chatting with an old friend who had come in by the 'Surat,' he had an indulgent smile for the saturnalia

that reigned about him. But he was otherwise unmoved by it. 'And so you are going to India for another spell of duty?' he was saying.

'Yes, it is better than being laid on the shelf,' the colonel replied. 'And you? You are taking life easily, I suppose? How long have you been here?' His eyes strayed as he spoke to someone sitting opposite him.

'How long?' the dean said, noting the direction of the glance with a covert smile. 'A month, more or less. The place suits me. That is my daughter you are looking at, by the way.'

'She is, is she? Then you have an uncommonly pretty daughter!' the old soldier retorted bluntly. 'Much trouble with the subalterns, dean?'

The clergyman laughed softly. 'No, no. Not much. Mary is a good girl—a very good girl.'

'And that is your son talking to her?'

'My son?'—with surprise. 'Oh, dear, no!'

'Ah!' replied the colonel slowly, and with a peculiar intonation, 'not yet?'

The dean shook his head in gentle repudiation of the idea. But his eyes twinkled.

'Who is he?' asked the other.

'He is brigade-major here, a Major Macdonald,—Andrew Macdonald.'

'Ha! A son of Lord Macdonald of Glenmore, is he not? Eldest son?'

'Ye-es,' the dean admitted grudgingly. 'I believe he is the eldest.' And if his friend chose to pat him on the shoulder, and to chuckle somewhat rudely, why he could not help it. For this was no common colonel, but a man with half the alphabet before his name or after it; a man not lightly to be repulsed. Yet, some seeing him, a mean and meagre little creature, pawing the dean, and knowing nothing of all those letters, went away sorrowfully, forced to think that even this lion had not escaped with his dew-claws uncut.

After lunch, the quartette went out to stroll on the Barracca. As they passed along the Strada Reale by the lace and silver shops of the Borgs, many eyes followed Mary Young, and endorsed the gallant colonel's opinion. Her face possessed that shy brightness—not of the eyes alone, for that you may find under many an unsightly Maltese hood—which is the charm of a girl at once

healthy and sensitive. Her clear complexion, perhaps her wavy brown hair, were her father's; but the soft lines of a mouth that seemed ever trembling on the verge of tears or laughter were her own. She wore a sailor's hat, and a tight-fitting, jaunty-tailed jacket, and she carried a stick.

For Major Macdonald, though he twirled his moustache—it was reddish, and his face was freckled—and swaggered a little as he passed the club, he made but a poor show. He had no longer a will of his own, and the men at the club window knew it. He had lost his heart, and Mary knew it. He had nothing to say, and thought himself inexpressibly stupid. He made no resistance even when the dean presently shook him off; but went away to mope alone. But courage, major! Perhaps someone found the gallant veteran's wit and wisdom a poor substitute for your stupidity; and was scarcely sorry when the boat which bore his knightship to his vessel was lost among the score or so that were darting this way and that, like so many green and blue dragon-flies at play on the rippling surface.

The father and daughter stood awhile, looking over the Quarantine Harbour, and debating whether they should pay a certain call at Sliema, the suburb beyond it. They had just decided to do so, when Mary espied Davies, the dean's servant, hurrying towards them. 'What is it?' asked the dean, when the man had come up with them.

'Your sister has arrived, sir!' he replied breathlessly.

The dean looked down at him a moment, a faint expression of amusement on his face; and such was the kindly criticism of his attitude that the painter of his portrait could have wished for no better opportunity. 'I am glad,' he said at last, in measured accents, 'I am glad that you are not given to gossiping, Davies.'

The servant looked astonished, as he well might, and coloured. But he answered, 'Yes, sir,' and touched his hat.

'I say, Davies, I am glad that you are not given to gossiping,' repeated the dean blandly, 'because if you were you would have learned, though you have not been with me long, that I have no sister. And consequently that it is impossible there should be any sister of mine at—the hotel, I think you said.'

'Well, sir, she—I mean there is a lady lunching in your room, sir. I was told to let you know that she had arrived,' the man explained.

'Lunching in our room!' cried Mary, her curiosity aroused.

'Good gracious, papa! do come. It must be someone who knows us very well.'

'If Davies' story be correct,' replied the dean, with ominous meaning, 'it must be someone who knows us *very well*. We will go and do the honours.'

They started on their climb up the narrow Strada San Marco, while the servant, puzzled and chapfallen, toiled slowly up the steep pavement behind them. 'Who can it be?' asked Mary softly.

'My dear,' answered her father with a tinge of asperity, 'how can I tell? And what does it matter? I do not think that we have many friends of whom we have reason to be ashamed.'

Arriving at the hotel they found Angelo awaiting them on the stairs. His southern face was aglow with eagerness to please. 'Your Excellency's sister has descended here, sare,' he cried, effusively rubbing his hands as he prepared to go before them to their sitting-room. 'She was too late for the *table d'hôte*, and the crowd—ah, my eyes! it was tremendous! She takes a chop and tomato sauce in your Excellency's room.'

A chop and tomato-sauce! And in their room! The passage was dusky. The dean's face—perhaps it was better so—could not be seen. And he said nothing. But probably he thought a great deal. Probably he was not altogether unprepared for the sight which met his eyes when Angelo threw open the door. A tall, middle-aged lady, dressed in black, was sitting at the table facing them. Her long black cotton gloves lay by her plate. Her fan and sunshade were also on the white cloth. She looked up nervously, saw them, and rose. There was a smell of gravy in the room.

For all this, we have said, the dean was prepared. But not for what followed—for the intruder's immediate advance with hands outstretched. 'Fergus!' she exclaimed; and then, as he still stood motionless, she repeated piteously, 'Fergus! Surely you will say that you are glad to see me!'

The dean's gaze roving over her took in her full florid cheeks, her beady black eyes, her soaring bonnet; and it must be confessed that he blanched. He fell back a step. 'I think,' he said with stiff politeness, 'that there is some mistake here, madam. My name is Fergus, it is true. But I do not think that I have had the pleasure of seeing you before.'

'Of seeing me before?' she cried. 'Why!' and she lifted her hands in astonishment, 'you do not mean that after all these

years you will not forgive and forget? That you will not let bygones be bygones, even now?’

‘Years! Bygones!’ the dean repeated incredulously, puzzled and confounded, if his manner might be trusted. ‘I assure you most seriously that I do not understand you, my dear lady. To the best of my knowledge we have never met. Pray tell me for whom you take me.’

‘For my brother, Fergus Young—for the Dean of Dromore, of course,’ she replied so positively that Mary was startled. ‘And so that is my niece? Mary, dear girl, you will speak to me? But there, you never knew your Aunt Alice.’

The dean’s face grew suddenly purple. ‘The woman is mad!’ he gasped. ‘Stark, staring mad! She says she is my sister. I have no sister.’

‘You had one, and I am that one!’

‘I had one, and she died years ago!’ he answered, not as speaking to her, but to the room.

‘Died? To you, you mean,’ the woman replied with a grating laugh. ‘Come, get off your high horse, Fergus. That is all over twenty years ago. Do not disown me now.’

‘Disown you, woman!’ the dean cried passionately—he was by nature a choleric man, and he could stand it no longer—it was too ridiculous. ‘I never owned you!’

She eyed him a moment with a queer smile, while Mary watched them both. Then with a kind of dignity the woman gathered up her gloves and fan. ‘Very well,’ she said placidly, making as if she would pass them without more words, and go out, ‘be it so, brother.’

‘You still say that I am your brother?’

‘I do. You know you are,’ she replied calmly.

The dean choked, recovered himself, choked again, and finally spluttered out, ‘Then you are an impostor, madam! I say you are an impostor! And I shall expose you without mercy. It is my belief that you are trying to obtain credit in this hotel by the use of my name.’

‘Nonsense, Fergus!’ she rejoined in the tone of a maiden aunt reproving an unreasonable schoolboy. ‘You know that that is not so. I have money and can pay for everything. The waiter will bear me witness that I directed him to put my luncheon down to No. 9. That is my number. You will know where to find me should you change your mind, brother.’

She disappeared. And there could be no doubt with whom lay the honours of the field. If ever a cleric longed for a layman who might give his feelings uncanonical expression, it was the dean at that moment. 'Well!' he exclaimed, dropping into a chair. 'Well!' getting up again as if he had sat on a pin, 'I never heard of such impudence! Never! I could scarcely have believed it, if an angel had told me a woman could be so brazen!'

'But, papa,' said Mary, standing by him, perplexed and frightened, 'do you think that she is mad?'

The dean shrugged his shoulders and spread out his hands.

'Or—or—— There can't be two deans of Dromore?'

He shook his head vaguely, walking to and fro; as if he would be responsible for no statement or fact after this. There might be two popes of Rome. He would not say.

'Aunt Alice,' Mary said musingly. 'Of course Aunt Alice died twenty years ago.'

The dean stopped in his walk and glared at her.

'You—you had a difference with her, papa, had you not?'

The dean seemed like to choke again. 'Let us understand one another,' he said grimly. 'Do you suspect me of denying my own flesh and blood, my girl?'

'Oh, no, no, papa!' she declared.

'Then why ask that question? But I will answer it. My sister made a foolish marriage. I did have a quarrel with her. I was reconciled to her later. I was, I thank heaven! on good terms with her when she died. Now, are you satisfied? Perhaps I should add that I was at her funeral.'

'Forgive me, papa,' Mary said. 'But now we know one thing. We know her to be someone acquainted with Aunt Alice at that time.'

'Then what is her object?' cried the dean desperately. 'After what has passed the people at the hotel will not give her credit—on my account at all events! What is her object?'

Mary shook her head sagely. 'Perhaps we shall learn presently,' she said. And she rang the bell and gave her father a cup of tea.

They dine somewhat early at Durnsford's, in order that they may go in comfort to the opera; for Valletta boasts an excellent house built by Barry, and nightly bright with all manner of uniforms. When the dean and Mary entered the dining-room that evening, followed by 'her Major,' as Miss Druitt called him, the

eyes of two of the three sought the lower end of the long table at which new-comers always took their seats; and it must be confessed that the dean's face grew brighter. The lady in black was not present. He took his seat and spread his napkin with a sense of large relief, and looked about him placidly. And then—and then in the twinkling of an eye all his comfort fled away. There was that terrible woman almost opposite to him. No doubt she had used his name to procure a seat 'up higher.'

Positively the dean quailed. There was that in her florid cheeks, in the ridiculous square of black velvet on her head, in her quivering earrings, above all in the defiant glances of her eyes, which appalled him. She was talking loudly. He heard her drop an h. He shuddered at the thought that she had called herself his sister. His! He plunged his spoon into the soup and ate savagely.

'Ah! could you tell me,' his neighbour presently said low in his ear—Macdonald was an excellent fellow, but he had a trick of humming and hawing—'who that—er—very singular woman is, seated opposite us?'

'No,' replied the dean steadily, appearing to take little notice, while Mary blushed to the tips of her fingers. 'I have no idea.'

'Er—with his eyeglass up—'such a very strange woman! Do you not think so, Miss Young? To be here, you know?'

Mary murmured something which the major could not catch, for the woman in question was speaking loudly. 'Yes, it is a dreadful thing to be estranged from one's family!' she was saying. 'I should know it if anyone does.'

'I did not know—er—that such people had a family,' was the major's muttered commentary.

'But,' the lady in black continued, 'what I never would have believed is the unkindness I have received from my family abroad. My own brother——'

'Er—she is quite a character!' said the major. He turned to the dean, but found him inattentive. 'Quite a character,' he continued, 'er—Miss Young.'

'Oh, quite,' said Mary faintly.

Then the major, who was not a fool, his manner notwithstanding, detected something amiss in Mary's tone. Looking up quickly he found her colouring and confused, and saw something was wrong. He wondered amazedly what it was, but groped in

vain, and gradually forgot the incident and its cause in murmuring matters more interesting to himself if not to her.

But it chanced that after dinner he lingered behind the dean a moment. There were only Angelo and Beppo in the room when he rose.

'Who is the lady in black, who sat—er—there, and talked so loudly, Angelo?' he asked, moved only by lazy curiosity.

Angelo shrugged his shoulders and spread out his hands, while his curly hair sped down to his eyebrows and back again. 'Well, sare,' he answered, 'she says—but there! Pouf!' And again his scalp made a forced march.

'Well, what does she say?'

'She say she is the sister of the English gentleman you dine with.'

'What?' incredulously, emphatically. 'What?'

'She say so. He say no,' with indifference.

'Impossible!' Major Macdonald cried.

'She say so. He say no,' repeated Angelo with a superb shrug.

The major paused a moment to take it in—to take in even the idea of it, and moved away in a maze. Of course the report was preposterous, absolutely so. He had the dean's word for it that it was not true. And yet—and yet the dean's stiffness and Mary's embarrassment when their attention had been called to this woman had not escaped him. He sent some excuse to the dean by one of the servants, and hurried to his quarters. If the truth must be told, he felt very uncomfortable, being the man he was.

For he had one weak spot in his character, had Andy Macdonald. He feared one thing to excess, and that was scandal. That the breath of it should come near him or his! Pah, the thought sickened him. He was Scotch; proud, honest, not very dull. He had never himself done anything of which he was ashamed, nor to the best of his belief had his people. He was manly in his way. He loved Mary Young much, but he feared scandal more. Poor Mary!

However she knew nothing yet, whatever she may have thought of his sudden indisposition. Nor did she or her father even hint at possibilities until the next afternoon. Then, as they were driving to the Gymkhana—the fortnightly garrison sports—in one of those pony chaises the hire of which seems so

ridiculously low, the dean said, 'I suppose Macdonald will be here to give us tea?'

'Oh, yes, I think he said so,' Mary replied hurriedly. But her face fell. The drive, hitherto a triumph for her, had lost its savour, or she her zest.

On reaching the course they went at once to the stand reserved for the officers' friends, and she was quickly surrounded. But all the homage in the world was nothing to her now unless Andy Macdonald was of the party. And he had not come.

He appeared presently, but in company with the Druitts, and ill at ease. Even when he left them and came to her there was a stiffness in his manner which she had no difficulty in interpreting. Yesterday his passion had shown him shy and awkward, but to-day he was silent and morose—a conscience-stricken man. And Mary knew, poor girl, that something of her mastery over him was gone.

But she hid her pain bravely. She sat with the Druitts at one of a dozen little tea-tables that were set out before the stand, and made believe to be the gayest of the gay. Her train of subalterns never dwindled, the hum about her never died away, her laugh never quavered. She looked into the major's troubled eyes and gave no sign. The dean stood on the outskirts of the group, his teacup in one hand, his saucer in the other, his head delicately poised, and felt happy again in the full enjoyment of the sunshine and laughter and prettiness about him—felt himself. He was even laying down the law to the colonel, when there broke in upon their chat a third—a Major Ritherdon, one of Macdonald's brother officers and a steward of the sports. 'Dean,' he said warmly, after a word of greeting, 'why did you not write for another ticket?'

'Another ticket!' the dean repeated. 'For what purpose? You were good enough to send me two.'

'For your sister,' replied Ritherdon in perfect innocence.

'For whom?' Unfortunately the dean spoke so loudly that a score of ears in his neighbourhood were opened, and half as many tongues grew silent. 'For whom, Major Ritherdon?'

Of course Ritherdon saw that something was wrong. 'Well, she—I did not learn her name,' he stammered. 'Only that she was your sister, my dear dean.'

'And you have brought her in here?' the dean cried roundly. He had thought that in this sacred enclosure at least he would be

safe. 'Then let me tell you, sir, that she is an impostor! An impostor!' he repeated in wrath. 'I have no sister living. I have never seen the woman before, Colonel Watts.'

'Oh, Fergus, laddie!' cried a shrill voice.

The dean turned as if he had been shot, and found that terrible woman, black gloves and all, at a table behind him. 'Oh, Fergus, laddie, don't be unnatural!' she cried.

Purple went the dean's face. 'Woman!' he thundered. But there. What he said more was lost—lost and swallowed up along with propriety, good manners, and everything else in the inextinguishable peal of laughter which went up to the Maltese heaven. 'Oh, Fergus, laddie!' The woman's words as applied to the portly dignitary, her tone of exaggerated pathos, and the huge black-bordered handkerchief she waved—all fed the flame. Even Mary laughed. Only two stood within hearing and were grave. They were the dean himself, whose rage was boundless, and Major Macdonald.

Suddenly, as suddenly as it had arisen, the laughter died down, and was succeeded by an awful silence. It is well that society does not often forget itself; the return to sanity is so dreadful. What was anyone to do? Apologise to the dean? Turn the woman out? Go on as if nothing had happened? No one knew; and Mary Young saved them the trouble of thinking long.

She rose. Something—perhaps some face on which her eyes had fallen—had driven the laughter from her lips, so that as she put her chair aside she looked as handsome as ever, but also a little stately. 'I think,' she said, holding out her hand to the colonel, before her father had regained his voice, 'if you will excuse us, papa shall take me away, Colonel Watts. We two will have our laugh out at home.'

Half-a-dozen voices were raised at once in humble protest. But the one for which the girl was listening was not among them, though Andy Macdonald's heart was full of pride in her. He would have had his wife behave exactly as she had behaved, if the thing could have happened to his wife. But then there was that 'if.' Such things had never happened to the Ladies Macdonald.

Yet the general feeling was with Mary, though the Druitts, her dear friends, might sneer. Thanks to her courage the dean's dignity had come through the ordeal almost unscathed. The

interloper, whom some of the 'young uns' had begun to 'draw,' was left to herself, and presently withdrew.

By that time the dean and Mary were at home. She had kept her face turned from him during the drive, and they had not exchanged a word. But when they stood in their sitting-room they looked at one another.

'Papa,' Mary said, her voice breaking, and the tears rising to her eyes, 'what is this? Whatever does it mean?'

'My dear,' he answered, with humility wonderful for him, 'I know no more than you do.'

'But—but you see what it is doing?' she said piteously.

He could only nod; and she went to her room and cried her eyes out.

The dean took her words, and rightly, for an appeal. But he was as a bull in a net. He felt himself entangled, and resented the flimsy web which foiled him, yet he did not see how to free himself. He might have had recourse to the law, but he did not know how it could help him. He might have explained matters to Andy Macdonald; but the major had not spoken, and the dean was proud. He might have fled before the enemy and left Malta; but if he did this he must give up all hope of the attachment between his daughter and Macdonald coming to a happy issue. And that he could not face, for already he feared that her cheeks were losing their roundness. He had taken to watching her stealthily. He saw that she was apt to be thoughtful when they were alone, however proudly she might have queened it in the Strada Reale a few minutes before. Or she was over gay—so gay that he was not deceived for a moment. Or she avoided his eyes; and at this his heart grew hot, and he longed to fall upon Andy Macdonald.

But this was impracticable. The man had not committed himself. And besides, to give him a black eye might not be the best way to rub out the dark stains that were gathering under Mary's.

Would anything do any good? That was the question. Gradually the dean came to think that one thing only would, the removal even now of the cause of the mischief. The woman in black was still in the hotel. Since the fracas at the Gymkhana the Youngs had taken their meals in their own room, but again and again, in the hall or on the stairs, the dean had seen her and been made to shudder by her jeering laugh, or some wild word

thrown after him. The poison she distilled made the place loathsome to him.

There was but one way then. He could not justify it to himself, and it was dangerous; but fate provided him with the opportunity, and he let himself be tempted.

It happened some days after the sports. He was strolling disconsolately among the rocks, *quantum mutatus ab illo*, and was near the Sliema battery, a tolerably solitary spot, when he met the woman alone. She was close to the water's edge, and he went to her and spoke without preface. 'Madam,' he said, looking sternly at her, while she first started, and then smirked at him, 'I am aware that you are only here to annoy me.'

'No, no; to regain your affection, brother,' she said in a mincing way that sorely tempted him to strike her.

'Well, you do annoy me,' he answered dispassionately. 'I do not know what your motive may be, but I presume it is connected with money. Well, money you shall have. I am prepared to give you a hundred pounds if you will take yourself off to-morrow.'

The proposition was an abrupt one, and her face changed surprisingly. But he read in it none of the triumph for which he looked, only fear and suspicion. 'It is a trap,' the woman said, looking up at him with her beady eyes. 'It is a trap!' But as she said this a second time her fingers began to clutch one another greedily.

'I do not wish to entrap you,' rejoined the dean, 'and I have no witnesses. However, those are my terms; if you refuse them I shall myself leave to-morrow. That is all.'

'I am not extorting money,' she said, asserting it sullenly after a long pause. 'You will remember that. I have asked for nothing.'

'I shall not prosecute you,' he rejoined dryly, 'if you keep out of my way in future.'

'I will promise to do that,' she answered briskly, 'and glad. There! I will take it,' she continued after a momentary hesitation, closing her lips tightly, as if she knew of some risk and were prepared to run it. 'When will you pay me?'

The dean paused to think. 'To-morrow at noon,' he answered, 'and here. But only after I have seen your luggage in the hall, and learned that you have given up your room.'

'Right!' she said shortly, and nodded and went away at once.

'Right? I hope it is not all wrong,' he groaned, as he went

his way to the Sliema landing-place by another road, and even then, seeing her on the steam ferry, had to take a rowing boat to cross the Quarantine Harbour, or go in her company.

Still he tried to assume the old *aplomb* now, assuring himself that his troubles were over. But he could not quite compass it. He was not broken to subterfuges and intrigues. Essentially an honest man, he failed to combine them with his natural dignity. When he stole away next day—half an hour late—to the rendezvous, he had the air of a whipped dean.

He came upon his accomplice before he reached the shore, at the corner of some gardens close to the battery. The woman was returning in anger, thinking he had deceived her, but her face cleared on seeing him. 'Well,' she said roughly, 'have you got it?' She had dropped all pretence now of being a lady.

He glanced round to see if they were alone. How he hated the whole thing! And then he handed the packet to her. She counted the notes slowly, he eyeing her the while with aversion. 'Yes, they are right,' she said, going a pace or two from him while she put up the packet; and then turning again. 'You will see no more of me. I should have left you in peace to-day, whether or no, old gentleman.'

This was not pleasant hearing, but the Dean did not answer; for one reason, because a man had appeared in the road behind her, and within earshot. If she had looked up as she stepped away before turning to utter that last bit of ill-nature, she would have seen this man. But she had not looked up, and now she walked straight into his arms, and recoiled with a faint shriek.

The new-comer took her by the shoulder, and gave her a slight shake.

'Yes,' he remarked coolly, 'I have got to hear about this, my girl—all about it. What has this gentleman been giving you? And why do I find you living at the hotel like a lady while I have been away?'

She began to cry, answering nothing, and the stranger's face grew red. 'Perhaps you will explain?' he said, turning with a kind of ferocity to the dean. 'Now, sir!' He was sturdy and middle-aged, wearing a semi-uniform, and apparently was not a gentleman. He was out of temper now, and altogether an ugly customer to tackle. Anyone could see that.

Nevertheless the dean answered quietly, 'It is her business,' but he breathed hard.

'Her business? She is my wife!' was the startling reply.

'Your wife is she?' the dean exclaimed briskly. 'Then perhaps you will tell me who you are? And how your wife comes to be passing herself off as my sister?' This was a relief—the discovery of a man in the matter: at first.

'My name is Snell,' the other answered curtly. 'I am a non-commissioned officer in the Stores Department. And now that you know who I am, I will trouble you to tell me what you were giving my wife.'

'Some money—a hundred pounds,' the dean answered frankly; wondering in his innocence whether he were going to get it back.

'A hundred pounds!' the stranger stammered, 'a hundred pounds!' And then the dean's eyes were opened, and his face grew hot.

'Stay, stay!' he cried pitiably, for the other was clenching his fists with an unmistakable purpose, 'you misapprehend me altogether. Indeed you do, my good man. I am the Dean of Dromore. My name is Young. Your wife, with what motive I am quite unable to explain, has been troubling me by passing herself off as my sister.'

'As your sister!' incredulously.

'Certainly,' the poor dean affirmed. 'And to rid myself of the annoyance, I perhaps foolishly gave her a hundred pounds, as you saw.'

'To do what?'

'To go away.'

'To go away? And you dare to tell me this, you reprobate!' the soldier cried furiously. 'Do you think that story will wash—that—that pack of lies? You, a dean, and tell me to my face that you offered my wife a hundred pounds to go away? Shame on you, old man! Shame! I say.'

Ah, if any of the subalterns in the —th whom his manners had oppressed could have seen the dean then! 'Oh, dear, dear! this is very terrible!' he murmured tremulously, looking about him for help. 'I assure you, my good man, you are quite wrong.'

'Wrong? I will soon show you who is wrong!' cried the sergeant vengefully; 'and——'

But the catastrophe was averted. 'Er!' ejaculated someone who had just turned the corner of the garden wall, 'er—what is the matter, dean? What is all this?'

The speaker was Major Andrew Macdonald. The sergeant pulled himself up and saluted—a machine once more.

The major had come upon the scene in the nick of time—only just in the nick of time—and yet the dean could not thank him—could for the moment do no more than smile feebly upon him and wave his hand in deprecation, while the sergeant stiffly related his wrongs, or the wrongs he fancied.

‘But,’ said the major, after listening a moment in silence, ‘do I understand, dean, that you really gave the woman a hundred pounds?’

‘Yes,’ the dean admitted. ‘She will tell you—— Why, the woman is gone!’ in surprise.

‘Oh, yes, she has gone!’ the soldier retorted bitterly, his wrath, which the presence of the officer had partially suppressed, flaming up again. ‘She has taken her money and her instructions, old gentleman, and gone! Deuce a doubt about it! And where are you going to meet her? That is what I would like to know!’

‘Be silent, Snell,’ said the major. But when he had said that he did not see his way any farther. He stood looking at Mary’s father gloomily, assured of his guilt. To give a hundred pounds to a pure impostor seemed to his Scotch mind an incredible piece of folly—a thing which no man in the dean’s position, and of his years would do. ‘Why, you might have gone away yourself,’ he murmured, following out this train of thought, and perhaps calculating the expense of a removal to Algiers or Cairo.

‘I wish to heaven I had!’ the dean ejaculated earnestly. But he could scarcely tell the young man why he had not adopted that course. He could not explain, to him, his hopes about Mary—hopes now dashed to the ground and shattered beyond repair. Poor Mary! For the only doubt left in Macdonald’s mind turned on the nature of the tie between the dean and this woman. Were the soldier’s suspicions correct? Or was this vulgar Mrs. Snell really the dean’s sister—a sister shamefully disowned and ill-treated? Was this dull non-commissioned officer the dean’s brother-in-law? Macdonald shuddered at this, thinking of the escape he had had, and roused himself from a darkling scrutiny of the offender to say brusquely, ‘Now, Snell, you had better come with me for the present. Good-day.’

The last words he flung at the clergyman as he turned, and nothing more. But they did the dean good. The sense of his

folly had up to that time paralysed him. Now, aware that his position was really serious and that something more than folly might be imputed, he felt all the righteous indignation which a false charge confers on its victim. For a few minutes anger kept him from feeling miserable, or from thinking of Mary. But as he neared the hotel the sense of personal failure crushed him. A week ago he had been free from care. Then this thing had arisen—in its origin an absurd trifle; now so magnified by his imprudence, that the rest of his life might be spoiled by its shadow.

He loitered here and there to take breath as he climbed the steep staircase of a street, and looked up from time to time at the narrow wedge of deep blue sky which roofed it. But he saw nothing. All the beauty Valletta had held for him yesterday, all the pleasure its peeps of sea suddenly disclosed when least expected, its quaint houses, its airy walks on rampart and bastion had given him, existed no longer. He crept up to his room a shaken man, and, glad to learn that his daughter was out, sat at the table gazing on its cold polished surface with eyes wide and sightless.

The dean sat thus, probably for half an hour—a week it seemed to him, looking back on it with loathing afterwards. And then a hasty knock at the door recalled him to himself. He looked up.

‘Come in,’ he said hoarsely. ‘Well, what is it?’ he continued, his face darkening as he saw who his visitor was, and rose to confront him. ‘What is it, Major Macdonald?’

‘Er—an apology. An abject and miserable apology,’ was the answer. The young man stood before him turning his hat in his hands, looking unhappy, and much ashamed of himself, and not a bit priggish now. ‘I have hurried here to offer it for myself and for others—who should have been here in person, for they are more in fault,’ he added with a touch of viciousness.

‘Perhaps you had better explain,’ said the dean with *hauteur*. But hope was springing up fast within him.

‘It was all a hoax, sir. Some of those young fools in the —th got it up,’ Andy replied impetuously. ‘They had a fancy that you rather—well, rather sat upon them, you know, and they wanted to take you do—er, to have a return match, you see, and they put Mrs. Snell up to playing her part, finding that she had known a bit about you years ago.’

'And was the acquisition of my hundred pounds part of the plot?' the dean asked wrathfully. But he knew in his heart that his anger was only a pretence.

'Oh, no! of course not. It shall be repaid at once. The woman took advantage of us all there. She is not too good a lot, I suspect, and has given Snell trouble before. But the fellows did not know that, or they would not have had anything to do with her. She had only been out here a few weeks, and being known to few, suited their plans exactly.'

'Umph!' the dean snorted. 'And were you in this precious conspiracy, Major Macdonald?'

'Certainly not!' Andy hastened to answer with humility. 'They did not say anything to me—er—because—— Miss Young is not at home, I suppose?' with a change of subject, sudden, but fairly intelligible.

'No,' said the Dean carelessly. 'I think she has gone as far as the Barracca. Well, I hope I shall hear no more of this foolish business.'

'You may depend on that, sir,' said the major. And then he took himself off with commendable tact.

Of course his legs—or his heart—took him to the Barracca; that great dismantled building on the highest point of Valetta, from which, as from a terrace, some of the noblest views in the south of Europe are to be enjoyed. There, gazing down on the life and colour of the Grand Harbour, all the stir and bustle of which came up softened by distance—the distance of depth only—even as the same distance dwarfed the ships of war and the thousand tiny craft at her feet, he found Mary. She was standing in one of the embrasures, leaning on the iron railing, engaged in contrasting, it may be, this day and another. For when he spoke, she started, and did something to her eyes before she turned.

'Oh, Major Macdonald!' she exclaimed, with a suspicious quiver in her voice. 'How you startled me!'

But there. Neither of them has ever confided to me exactly what passed between them. And though I guess—nay, I know, for the eternal fitness of things cannot be pushed aside even to accommodate a Macdonald—that our friend the major had at first a very sorry time, and was for some miserable minutes spread-eagled, so to speak, in that lofty embrasure, a mark for his own scorn, yet all is well that ends well. Perhaps the lesson did

him good. Perhaps it did not. Perhaps it only relieved a young lady's feelings, and solaced her pride. At any rate it was given, and it was brought to an end. And this, at least, is beyond doubt, that three very happy people sat down to dinner that evening in a certain private room at Durnsford's. The dean, indeed, had good reason to be satisfied. He never heard again of his pseudo-sister, or his indiscretion. The joke had been carried too far even for its players. Mrs. Snell clung obstinately to her hundred pounds. Her husband declined to interfere. It was out of the question that the dean should suffer. So the youngsters of the —th had to put their hands in their pockets, and find about twenty-five pounds apiece. And that was what their jest cost them.

ARTHUR SCHOPENHAUER.

(FEB. 22, 1788—SEPT. 21, 1860.)

I.

THREE or four years before his death, in 1860, Schopenhauer was asked if he had given anyone particular sanction to prepare and publish his biography. He replied briskly in the negative: 'I will neither write it myself, nor do I wish it written. I will not expose my private life to satisfy the curiosity of a cold and malevolent general public.' While he lived his wishes were respected. But within a few months after his sudden death Dr. Frauenstädt and Dr. Gwinner, the two men who, from different aspects, probably knew more about him than anyone else in the world, and Dr. Lindner, an admirer of the second rank, sent forth records of him and his works in books the revised editions of which aggregate nearly 1,400 octavo pages.

A few words must be said about these authorities, on whom we depend mainly for the substance of this paper.

Dr. Frauenstädt was (to use Schopenhauer's own phrase) his chief apostle and arch-evangelist. In other words, he had so saturated himself with the teaching of Schopenhauer that he was the best possible substitute for the philosopher himself, and his prime interpreter. He was on the literary staff of certain influential German papers, and, urged by Schopenhauer, used his opportunities to the utmost to disseminate and gain appreciation for his master's philosophy. He was in all essentials Schopenhauer's very obedient servant, and no new teacher could have desired a more exemplary disciple.

Dr. Gwinner, on the other hand, was Schopenhauer's medical attendant during the last years of his life. He was also one of his executors, and thus had control over the precious unedited papers and letters which survived their owner. Schopenhauer's more philosophical biographers reproach Dr. Gwinner with his superficial acquaintance with their master, and it is no doubt true that his knowledge was medical rather than psychological. But, thanks to the materials in his hands, his biography is the most interesting life of Schopenhauer extant. He does not spare his subject's

foibles, and his narrative of the last days of the philosopher is especially valuable.

Lastly, Dr. Lindner was Schopenhauer's 'doctor indefatigabilis.' As editor of the powerful 'Vossische Zeitung,' he was in his own province even more respectable than Frauenstädt as a coadjutor to the philosopher. When Dr. Oxenford's celebrated article in the 'Westminster Review' assured to Schopenhauer the fame for which he had been sighing nearly forty years, Lindner translated and printed it verbatim (only excising that part of it which might have impressed readers unfavourably about Schopenhauer as a man), so that the subscribers to his journal might know of the genius in their midst, so long neglected by the German people. 'They take me for dead, or an antediluvian fossil, do they? The rascals! But wait a little. I will show them even now that I am not dead!' It was for Dr. Lindner to tell all men that Arthur Schopenhauer was still alive, and likely to live for some time to come. Schopenhauer knew the priceless worth to him of a company of men upon whom he could depend for the promulgation of his principles. Hence the enthusiasm with which he, as a septuagenarian, encouraged Frauenstädt, Lindner, Becker, Bahr, Weigelt, and others, to continue in the course of study they had begun. His perseverance was rewarded. In 1856 the oldest of his disciples, a district judge named Dorguth, eighty-five years of age, died with the word 'Schopenhauer' on his lips. At that time he was also receiving letters almost daily from new pupils, praising him as something superhuman, or beseeching his guidance across the desert of life. It was proposed to establish a chair of philosophy in the Zurich University for the enunciation of his teaching, one of the proposers being Richard Wagner. Elsewhere his philosophy was made the thesis of a course of lectures. He was requisitioned to sit for his bust and his portrait in oils. The 'Illustrierte Zeitung' put him in its pages. The very last letter he wrote was a calm and deliberate reply to the epistle of a couple of students in a military training school, who beg him to tell them how they may attain to the deliverance of the Will. The boys confessed that they had read and re-read his writings with immense admiration, that the truthfulness and honesty in all his pages had won their entire and deep affection; they asked his pardon for daring to address him without permission from the authorities (who would not have granted it); and entreated him to write to the *poste restante*.

These various successes made Schopenhauer reflect more hopefully about the future. 'When I think upon the profound effect of my philosophy among the unlearned, among business people, and even among women . . . thoughts about the part I shall play in the year 1900 come to me such as I cannot impart to you by letter.' At the outset he had believed his philosophy to be too esoteric for general appreciation; hence this remark. Again: 'My band of personal enthusiasts is now numerous enough to give me assurance that some day my philosophy will play a part in the world equalled by no other philosophy, ancient or modern. It is due to the power of truth and the importance of the subject.'

In the following pages we will try to give a true portrayal of the 'philosopher of Frankfort,' after his own utterances and confessions, and the witness of those who knew him.

Schopenhauer's life falls conveniently into three epochs. He was born in 1788, and in 1818 he completed his philosophical masterpiece. Of this work, in his old age he averred that, 'inasmuch as it explains the riddle of life, it may be called a revelation, inspired as it is throughout by the spirit of truth. 'The World as Will and Representation' may well, therefore, mark the end of the first epoch and the beginning of the second epoch of Schopenhauer's life.

From 1818 to 1831 Schopenhauer travelled in Switzerland, Italy, and the German States, tried to establish a philosophical school in Berlin, and became daily more and more misanthropic as the time lengthened between the publication of his work and the harvest of fame to which he looked as part of his reward. This was the very bitter second epoch of his life.

In 1831 the cholera visited Berlin, and carried off the great Hegel. Schopenhauer was 'Choleraphobe by profession.' Moreover, he hated Berlin, no less for its climate and society than for the humiliations it had brought upon him. He fled to Frankfort, upon Humboldt's recommendation. Here he lived for the remaining thirty years of his life, solitary, contemplative, and apparently resigned to the neglect which seemed destined to be his portion equally in the present and the future. But this resignation was only apparent. He once compared himself in his Frankfort retreat to a lion sitting still in its cage, and storing all its power of spring for the one tremendous moment when the bars should open before it. Thus when, in his old age, the recognition he had so hungered for came to cheer him to the end, his moroseness largely left him,

or was metamorphosed into a terrible dogmatic insistence on his own philosophical infallibility, and both in his letters and intercourse with his admirers and votaries he developed the gaiety and sprightliness of a young man. But by this time he had taught himself to look for little real comfort outside himself: 'Men of genius' he said, 'stand to the rest of the world like a schoolmaster towards his charges.' In one sense, therefore, his fame came too late to profit him. And so he died in 1860, and ended the third period of his life's history.

II.

'The moment a man of genius understands his own worth, he perceives the lack of worth in others.' These words of Schopenhauer's are important, as justifying him, according to his own belief, in his attitude towards his fellow-men after he had written his masterpiece. For his own sake, it is a pity the fruit of his intellect ripened so early in his career. There never was a man so saturated with intellectual conceit, so convinced of his kinship with the mighty dead, and so inexorable in his contempt for the common herd, as Arthur Schopenhauer. He venerated, in a measure, Plato, Descartes, Hume, and Kant, but in the practical part of his philosophy he claimed to supersede them all. When his hair was white, and he was of an age when the judgment is at its soundest, he could turn the pages of his book and talk of his 'immortal chapter' on comparative anatomy, and term another chapter 'a pearl' and 'a diamond.' For his disciples in distress he had but one grand specific: 'Study my philosophy.' Yet he was not willing at all times to do battle for this teaching of his, which he held to be so valuable a donation to the world: objections thereto were confessions of ignorance or weakness of understanding; and he did not always care to enlighten the ignorant or fortify the weak of intellect. 'You are wrong in saying that a philosophy dependent upon experience like my philosophy must with further progress in our knowledge of nature suffer modification. If so, it were a system of physics, not metaphysics. My philosophy can never suffer modification.' He writes thus to Frauenstädt, but his mood on this occasion was complaisant. At another time he treats his high priest less civilly. Having well buffeted him for his obstinate freedom of thought, and discontent with this or that explanation which Schopenhauer had tendered him

in reply to his criticisms on important details in the philosophy, he continues : 'The worst of it is that I perceive the fine time and labour which I have devoted to the answering of your two previous letters is quite lost, and that of all I have said and quoted you have taken hardly any notice, so that you may go on undeterred in your quite enthusiastic absurdity. . . . Your eyes are as deaf as my right ear. . . . If you persist in bringing your doubts before the public [Frauenstädt has prepared an elaborate criticism of his master's teaching, and sends him the manuscript to read] to show that you applaud my philosophy without being able to understand it, I can as little hinder you from doing it as advise you to do it. Only let *me* have no more of it; I am tired of troubling myself with misunderstandings and misinterpretations, and can use my good time better than in cleansing Augean stables. I therefore return your commentary unread, and earnestly beg you to spare me all further doubts and reflections. For, having once given to the world my philosophy, with great art and unexampled lucidity, I am really not disposed to discuss with you, over again, *ex abrupto*, now this, now that dogma, in epistolary correspondence.' Surely it may be assumed that the bonds of respect between disciple and master which survive such tests as this must be founded on something stronger than mere diletanteism!

As for Schopenhauer's relation towards other men—the Philistines who reject all moral guidance whatsoever—it was an intense contempt, mixed with not a little fear. Indeed, he accepted Chamfort's saying, that 'the fear of man is the beginning of wisdom!' In his eyes, therefore, distrust was the best armour a man like himself could wear in association with other men. For to be loved of men one must resemble the common type of man; and 'What,' Schopenhauer asked himself, 'what is there in common between such a man as me and the first man I see in the street?' With Leopardi, he believed that most men are as wicked as they need be. Bonaparte, for example, was no worse a man than other men. He was impelled by the customary motives, and differed from the majority of men only in the possession of energy and will of extraordinary power. Moreover, in Schopenhauer's eyes, society is a pernicious restraint upon the individuality of highly gifted men. 'So-called good company,' he says in the 'Parerga,' 'includes excellences of every kind except mental: these are ever prohibited. It conjures us to show

boundless indulgence towards folly, absurdity, and stupidity; personal superiority must ask its pardon, or else go into hiding; for mental superiority is offensive merely by its presence. Hence, society called good has not only this defect—that it gives us men whom we can neither like nor praise—but it permits us to see how restricted our nature is, for in order to live in harmony with others we must blight or disfigure our own individualities.' When quite a young man he tries to argue the matter towards a more kindly issue, but even then the bias of his mind asserts itself. 'Take note of this, dear soul,' he writes in his diary . . . 'because you know that only he can please you who behaves towards you in a friendly manner, and that no one will continue to do this unless you in your turn please him, and that you can do this only by behaving in a friendly way towards him: because you know this, act in such a way that from a mental friendliness may proceed gradually a true friendliness. Your own weakness and subjectivity make such deception necessary. This is really an analysis of courtesy, though I could carry the investigation still deeper.' On this subject let the philosopher speak once again, and then one may the more readily forgive him that as an old man he held contact with other men to be a contamination. 'A genius,' he writes, 'does not come into existence for his own behoof, but for the good of mankind. Apart from the enjoyment the genius has in his own powers, he is but the crossbearer of mankind. . . . I have thus borne my cross all my lifetime, and felt the burden of it.'

After reading this, one is naturally curious about the manner and hardships of Schopenhauer's life, even though it be well understood that the trials attendant upon crossbearing are spiritual rather than material, like the visible circumstances of a man's life.

III.

The son of an upright merchant of Dantzig, and later of Hamburg, Arthur Schopenhauer was destined by his father to succeed him at the desk. But from the first Schopenhauer hated the thought of a commercial life. Scheming thereby to shake these scruples out of his head, the father took him on a prolonged tour through the chief states of Europe, in the course of which he spent six months in a school at Wimbledon; but instead of being impressed with the opportunities of trade suggested by the

different cities and nationalities of Europe, the boy chose rather to fasten his eyes on those evidences of sin and suffering which are never to be looked for in vain. His father would have had him record the data of population, staple products, peculiar requirements, and so forth, of the different provinces they traversed; but the boy preferred to puzzle himself with cogitations about the why and wherefore of the distress and afflictions of the people of this or that village or canton. The consequence was that at the end of the two-years' tour Schopenhauer was quite convinced that he was made to be something better than a merchant. Yet what could he do in opposition to the decree of a strong-willed parent? With a weary heart, therefore, he began his apprenticeship to trade, and when his father died, accidentally or by his own hand, a few months later, out of respect to his memory, the boy continued in the career chosen for him until he could bear the nauseous life no longer. At the age of eighteen he now went to school again, and mixed with boys much his juniors. From school he proceeded to the Universities of Göttingen and Berlin, and in 1813 he received the diploma of a doctor in philosophy. The thesis which procured him his doctorate was his famous 'Essay on the Fourfold Root of the Principle of Sufficient Reason.' The vital part of this recondite essay is that where he seems to regard the theological doctrine of Free-will as dead and buried, and enunciates the law of moral predestination, 'whereby every human being and every brute must, when the motive appears, perform the only act which accords with the inborn unalterable character.' We say 'seems' advisedly, for he afterwards denied that his philosophy had a fatalistic tendency. At this time his 'better consciousness,' or conscience, impelled him towards a life of asceticism. In such a life he saw that renunciation of the Will and abnegation of Self which he believed to be best for the man who was so unfortunate as to be born. But he soon had to confess his own weakness: he could indicate to others the road of salvation though he could not himself follow it.

It was in Dresden, between the years 1814 and 1818, that Schopenhauer brought his 'Opus Magnum' to the light. For long, he said, he walked about the streets, like one inflated: so grave a boon to mankind did he conceive the work in his head to be. It was all planned and ready before he took pen in hand to elaborate it. At times during his labour he was almost transfigured as to his face: 'What manner of man is this?' strangers

asked when they met him. One man of peculiar discernment exclaimed, 'You have either done something great or purpose doing something great!' His letter to Brockhaus, the king of publishers, on March 28, 1818, gives an idea of the esteem Schopenhauer felt for his production when it was ready for the press—

'My work is a new philosophical system, new in every sense of the word; not merely a new presentation of old materials, but a series of ideas coherent in the highest degree, such as never yet has come into the head of any man. The book in which I have worked out the difficult task of making my system comprehensible to others will, it is my firm conviction, be one of those books which are the source and occasion of a hundred other books. . . . The value I put upon my work is very great, for I regard it as the complete fruit of my existence. For the impression which the world makes upon an individual mind, and the re-presentation by which the mind, after due training, confirms or verifies that impression, is always accomplished in the first thirty years of life—all later work is but a development or elaboration of it.'

The great book had the fate that usually befalls great books—it was neglected by the public—so that after a few years the bulk of the edition was remade into pulp. Schopenhauer's impatience and anger with his contemporaries for not appreciating the spiritual food he offered them waxed intenser every year. Though he had early taught himself that for the wayfarer in life no commodity is more useful than a good stock of resignation, he never could resign himself to the career of silence that seemed forced upon him. 'To my knowledge,' he wailed, 'there is not in my whole book a single instance of humbug,' and yet the German people will have none of me. Eventually it was clear to him that this neglect was the natural consequence of his greatness. 'If a pedlar offer hairpins to men and pipebowls to women he gets laughed at for his stupidity; but how much more foolish is the case of the philosopher who brings Truth to market and hopes to dispose of it to mankind!' 'I feel as little disposed to intermeddle in the philosophical disputes of my epoch as to go and join in the squabbles and brawls of the mob in the street.' 'To philosophise to order, and teach philosophy as a means of obtaining money and position, seems to me like going to communion to assuage one's hunger and thirst.' 'The number of years which

intervene between the publication and the recognition of a book stand for the number of years by which the writer has outrun his coevals.' Thus he consoled himself as best he could. And when, twenty-six years later, he with difficulty published the second volume of 'The World as Will and Representation' as a corollary to the first, both he and his publisher had so little hope about its favourable reception that he deliberately discards all appeal to his own generation: 'Neither to my contemporaries, nor to my compatriots, but to mankind I commit my now completed work, in the confidence that it will not be without value for them.'

When the arrangements for publication of 'The World as Will and Representation' were completed, Schopenhauer betook himself to Italy. Here he moved from city to city, in supreme solitude for the most part, but quaffing the cup of life to the dregs. In his native country he had already got a reputation for eccentricity that was not likely to befriend him when he found himself among his fellow-countrymen in Rome and elsewhere. He was feared for his saturnine wit, and disliked for his roughness of conduct and uncivil dogmatism in argument. The estrangement between himself and his mother, the well-known novelist and *littérateur* of Weimar, was still more detrimental to him, though in truth for this his mother was to blame at least as much as he. Hence he was likely to be left to the loneliness he seemed to prefer. But we have it on record from the home letters of a German youth named Karl Witte, then sojourning in Rome, that he was less black than he was painted: 'I have been about with Schopenhauer a good deal,' writes this boy of eighteen. 'During the whole time I have noticed nothing bad in him. Indeed, I have discovered many virtues in him, among which his absolute love of truth is not the least. There are many prejudices against him here, especially about his relationship with his mother, which I have done my best to remove. . . . With his paradoxes he has made enemies of almost all the Germans here, and I am repeatedly warned about my excursions with him.' In fact, Schopenhauer seems to have had a mania for running counter to the predilections of people. And when we find that he used one occasion of intercourse with a number of his fellow-countrymen in a Roman café to proclaim his opinion that the German nation was the stupidest of all nations, and that it had gained a preponderance over other nations merely by its irreligiousness, we can as little wonder that he was not a favourite as that he was straightway

greeted with cries of indignation and wrathfully expelled by his compatriots from their midst. He was like a man born out of due time. Throughout this middle era of his life, when he perfected his knowledge of the objective world, he was in sympathy with no one, and the book into which he had poured in full flood the whole force of his genius lay, cloaked in dust, disregarded, in the warehouse of the publisher. 'But,' he asked himself, 'what after all is this Fame that I crave for?' It is an existence 'in the head of others—a wretched arena—and the happiness it gives is ephemeral. The most mixed company assembles in its temple—soldiers, ministers, mountebanks, jugglers, and millionaires—and these are all more genuinely esteemed than the philosopher, who is valued by a mere hundred of them at the most, and from all the rest receives mere words of praise.' He could also condemn himself that he had ever left the serene and secure middle path of life to become a prey to aspirations that proved to him how far he was from the goal of self-abnegation, which was the portico to a holy and happy death. For 'whenever you are entirely filled and possessed by self, whether in the shape of joy, triumph, desire, or hope, or in the guise of frantic grief, anger, rage, fear, mistrust, or excess of any kind, then are you in the Devil's claws.'

But it was not only in the ardour of his longing for fame and personal honour that Schopenhauer had to confess that his life did not harmonise with his teaching. Theoretically he was a deadly opponent of marriage or concubinage. According to his philosophy, the author of a new being is a perpetuator of the guilt of the world. He has surrendered to the cravings and impulses of his physical organism instead of following his 'better consciousness,' purifying his originally evil nature by a life of abstinence, and fitting himself for the happy extinction which is the reward of the consistent denier of the Will to Live. In his terribly destructive chapter on the 'Metaphysics of the Love of the Sexes' he undermines all the tender romances which have sought to invest love with a glamour divine rather than human and material. 'The growing inclination of two lovers for each other,' he says, 'is but the insatiate Will to Live striving on behalf of new phenomena. To this cruel or rather indifferent demon it is nought that the man and woman he urges together are by their circumstances, temperament, or intellect quite unsuited for a life of harmony. What is that to it? If they will perform its bidding and con-

tribute to the stock of the world they may shift for themselves as to happiness.¹ Happiness, forsooth! As if that were any concern of the Will to Live—an essentially blind impulse! Hence, according to Schopenhauer, 'happy marriages are well known to be rare, just because it lies in the nature of marriage that its chief end is not the present but the coming generation.'

No wonder, therefore, that Schopenhauer never married. In Venice he nearly forgot himself, but fortunately, as he afterwards esteemed it, he was suddenly recalled to Germany, and the fetters were broken. To some it may seem that the harsh, irascible old bachelor subsequently revenged himself for the solitude of his bachelorhood by excessive bitterness against womankind: 'Marriage is a debt contracted in youth and paid in old age.' If that be so, said he, I will have none of it. For, otherwise, he considered that old age was by no means the unhappy time of life it is generally held to be. The man is then at his calmest and discreetest; the passions, which are the curse of life, are then extinct or well under control. Again: 'The married,' he said, 'bear the full burden of life, the unmarried but half of it.' Perhaps, however, his chief reason for dismissing the thought of matrimony was intellectual. He himself claimed to be a very

¹ The following characteristic record of a dialogue between two painfully enlightened lovers was found among Schopenhauer's papers after his death. It was probably written before the appearance of Darwin's *Origin of Species*; indeed, other of Darwin's conclusions were foreseen by Schopenhauer.

'*Daphnis*: I want to contribute an individual to the next generation, and I think that you could give him what I lack.

'*Chloe*: I have a similar desire, and I, on my part, think that you could give him what I have not. Let us see!

'*Daphnis*: I contribute tall stature and muscular strength. You have neither.

'*Chloe*: And I plumpness of body and very little feet, in both of which particulars you fall short.

'*Daphnis*: From me he will get a delicate white skin, which you have not.

'*Chloe*: I can give him black hair and eyes, whereas you are fair.

'*Daphnis*: I offer him an aquiline nose.

'*Chloe*: And I a small mouth.

'*Daphnis*: From me he may inherit courage and good-nature, but not from you.

'*Chloe*: I can give him a fine arched forehead, wit, and understanding. From you he could not inherit these.

'*Daphnis*: An upright figure, good teeth, and sound health he will receive from us both. Really, I think we can endow the future individual with an excellent portion, and therefore I long for you more than for anyone else.

'*Chloe*: And I also for you.'

personification of truth and honesty in his life and utterances; but these virtues he denied to women. Why is man endowed with the capacity for a beard? he asked. To hide his mouth, which would else betray his processes of mind, and leave him helpless before an adversary. But why has woman no beard? Because 'with her, dissimulation and command of countenance are inborn.' Moreover, with Hume, he believed that love or tenderness is as enfeebling to the mind as, on the other hand, pride and vanity are invigorating to it. But Schopenhauer's weakness must be indicated. Even while he was writing the book that was designed to be a champion for universal celibacy an illegitimate child was born to him in Dresden; and he confessed to Frauenstädt that during his life in Italy he had had his weaknesses. After his death, a cast of his head was sent to Dr. Scheve, a celebrated phrenologist, who had not known Schopenhauer in life. 'This man cannot have been a woman hater!' exclaimed the phrenologist, when he examined the cast in detail; 'he was rather the very opposite.' The inference, of course, is obvious—that Schopenhauer's burning words are the outcome of intense experience.

Schopenhauer returned from his first visit to Italy in great anxiety of mind. His business agent had failed, and for the moment it seemed that the philosopher would be thrown on the world to fight for bread in file with those very professors of philosophy at whom he was never tired of girding and scoffing as *Brodprofessoren*. 'Independence and leisure,'—these were the two boons which he esteemed invaluable for such men as himself; and both were imperilled. To his mother and sister, who were also implicated in the disaster, he wrote to say that he was ready to share with them the little money that he actually possessed. But, thanks to his pertinacity and quite remarkable business tact, he was able to protect his interests very efficiently. The defaulter was his own godfather, who had held him at the font thirty-two years previously, and whom he assured that he was now of an age when he could use his hands and legs in self-defence. 'Should you shelter yourself under the plea of inability to pay,' writes the godchild to his parent, 'I will prove the contrary by the famous method which the great Kant introduced into philosophy in order to demonstrate man's moral freedom: viz. the decree of "shall" against "can." In other words, unless you pay of your own accord, you will be sued on the bill. You see

that it is quite possible to be a philosopher without being therefore a fool. . . . That you and Herr A—— [partner in the firm] may again be prosperous is my sincere wish, and I shall always be rejoiced to hear of it; but your happiness must not be raised on the ruins of mine. Your children may yet roll past me here in their carriages, while I, an old worn-out university professor, go panting along the roads. Happiness and blessings attend them if they are not in my debt.' Schopenhauer stuck to his determination to accept no composition for the money due to him, and his documentary security was of a kind that supported him in his claim. But it was long before the matter was settled, and in the meantime he began to lecture in Berlin. His efforts were apparently as little to the taste of students as to his own taste. During one session he addressed an audience of three—all doctors. A later session numbered but five, including a riding master, a dentist, a bill broker, and a captain. It was clear that he did not touch the sympathies of younger students, and yet his introductory lecture had not a little sterling substance in it. The following paragraph marks his test for philosophical aptitude: 'In order to be able to say what disposition for philosophy a person has, I must know how he thinks of the past, the present, and the future—whether as very different conceptions or as almost the same—whether his consciousness is so deeply immersed in this stream of time that he himself is carried away with it, or whether in viewing the passage past him of the stream of time he looks upon it in wonder as something extraordinary. The commonplace man, who sees nothing in the world to wonder at, clearly needs no philosophy to explain the world to him. . . .' But as soon as he was assured that a competence—small but sufficient—would still accrue to him from his godfather's estate, Schopenhauer suspended his lectures *sine die*, and went off abruptly into Switzerland. This was the beginning of another series of travels, from which he did not return until 1825. It is noteworthy that throughout both his Italian tours, Schopenhauer took trouble to associate with men of no nationality except the English. His early school experiences in the house of the English clergyman at Wimbledon had disgusted him as a boy, and to the last he was very envenomed against the English clergy, whom he charged with express stultification of the people. But now he was never better pleased than when mistaken for an Englishman. He lived as much as he could in English fashion,

spoke and thought in English, kept his account books in English, read the English papers, and bought English goods. In a letter, written in 1829, addressed to the reviewer of an English magazine, he pays us similar compliment, though the compliment must be shared with the climate. 'Without intending any flattery, I sincerely believe the English nation to be the most intelligent in Europe, and accordingly we find the climate of England knowing neither our chilling cold nor our scorching heat, but being truly temperate.' This extract may also give an idea of Schopenhauer's knowledge of our language.

The six years between 1825 and 1831 were, perhaps, the very gloomiest period of Schopenhauer's life. There is little to say about them. He lived alone, turned his back upon society, and was only nominally a lecturer at the University. The cholera came to his relief in 1831, when he left Berlin for ever.

IV.

In Frankfort Schopenhauer soon determined to spend the rest of his days. For a time his inclinations wavered between Frankfort and Mannheim; but he drew up a list of the advantages of the two places, and finding those of Frankfort to preponderate, he went thither from Mannheim. That more English travellers were to be met in Frankfort than in Mannheim was one plea in favour of Frankfort.

He lived in lodgings, with no company except his dog. At one time he did not leave his room for two months, at least as much because of his depression of mind as ill health. For diversion he depended upon his periodical walks in the neighbourhood of the town, the theatres, and concert rooms. 'A man who does not frequent the theatre,' he said, 'is like a person who dresses without a looking-glass.' Occasionally, at the *table d'hôte* where he was to be seen daily, he astonished his fellow-men by his conversation, but with subtle intention he would abruptly put an end to the interest he had excited: by some piece of deliberate rudeness he let it appear that he was under no obligation to make himself agreeable. The few people who knew anything about him spoke of him merely as an eccentricity, the son of Joanna Schopenhauer. But he carried the mark of his individuality upon his brow. Travellers passing through Frankfort did not forget their glimpse of him, seated in cold isolation, his piercing

blue eyes betraying the ardour of his nature behind the silence and reserve which he assumed among strangers. Indeed, he made it a rule to talk with no strangers at table except Englishmen. Even with them it is probable that his own words were often put into force: 'I frequently talk with men as a child talks to its doll. The child knows well enough that the doll does not understand it, but by an agreeable personal self-deception it procures the pleasure of communicativeness.'

But his misanthropy, or rather, as he termed his state of mind, his 'anthrophobism,' was shown at least as strongly in all the routine of his daily life. A noise in the night made him spring out of bed, and grasp the dagger and pistol which he always kept within reach. As a protection against thieves he mislabelled his deeds and valuable papers: his coupons, for example, were tied and marked as 'Arcana Medica,' or placed among old letters and newspapers. He kept his spare gold under the inkstand of his writing-desk. He would have shuddered to risk his throat at the hands of a barber. In his walks about the town he carried a small leathern cup, which he used for slaking his thirst at the street fountains. After using his pipe he locked the bowl and mouthpiece out of sight. Out of doors he never breathed freely until he was in the more solitary environs of the town. 'One need only look at the faces of people,' he used to say, 'to learn how to be ashamed of one's race;' and he applied to himself the old words—'The more I consorted with men, the less of a man I became.' It was inevitable that under such stress of conduct his heart, which early in life was warm and sympathetic to excess, should now chill and harden. For what, in short, was the scheme which Schopenhauer put before himself, on the fruition of which his contentment in life depended? To live tolerably, you must be self-centred; to live happily (assuming this is possible) you must live to the full bent of all your capacities, bodily and mental. There must be no pruning of the individuality by family ties, and on the other hand even pleasure itself must be indulged in prudentially—with due regard for consequences, reaction, and so forth. In fact, be a spectator, not an interested actor in life; though occasional incursions into the arena may be recommended, so you secure your retreat, and allow no obstacle to hinder your return thither. Now, such a state of consistent spectatorship is of course egotism absolute. The sympathies must congeal under the habit of it. A common man

trained in this school becomes a vivisectionist of the most barbarous stamp: between human suffering and stage moans he sees but a difference of degree; and therefore the former do but kindle in him a more lively sense of professional interest than the latter. All appeals for pity, all arguments on behalf of the reality of the misery of multitudes, he meets with the maxim that there is compensation everywhere, or with an unabashed rejection, 'I care for no one but myself. Why, then, should I deprive myself of a little comfort that these may eat?' Such must become the ordinary man who makes Schopenhauer his *vade mecum* in life. And yet, as the culminating lesson, this 'philosopher of Frankfort' tells his disciples to aspire to self-sacrifice, and even self-obliteration! Preach vegetarianism to hungry wolves! True, one can conceive that a spectator who is nothing else may from sheer weariness long to close his eyes now and again, and that repeated indulgence of this kind may after a time bring him to a state of intellectual torpor like that of a man besotted with drink. But the common beer-bibber has claims upon respect (slight though they be) which are wanting to an intellectual reprobate of this kind. He does not always go deliberately to his doom: he struggles and falls, and fights a losing battle to the very end. And this gradual snuffing out of the individuality, this slow death in life which is the lot of the exact devotee of Schopenhauer, this Occidental Nirvana, is taught by the same man who says, 'Above all things, be true to yourself; be yourself!' Schopenhauer declared that it was impossible to serve truth and the world; and so, in the interests of truth, he decreed the destruction of the world through the annihilation of individuals!

And how did this hard and in many respects incongruous philosopher linger through the hours of the days that separated him from the eternal oblivion he longed for?

Like Kant, whom he took for his model in domestic matters, Schopenhauer was very regular in his habits. Winter and summer he rose between seven and eight, and sponged himself all over with cold water. In his ablutions he took particular care of his eyes, holding them open while he bathed them repeatedly: this, he said, strengthened the optic nerves. Having dressed, he made himself some coffee, previous to beginning intellectual work. On no account would he allow himself to be disturbed before noon: the morning hours were too precious for that. At twelve o'clock his maidservant knocked at the door.

He then took up his flute and played for half an hour. At one o'clock he went off to the hotel for dinner, which he always ate with a very good appetite. At table, as we have said, he was not generally complaisant; but if the conversation was interesting he immediately aroused himself and joined in it with signal effect.¹ As a rule, however, the officers and others who habitually dined at the hotel talked of subjects he cared nothing about. Day by day for a long time he used to take a piece of gold from his pocket and put it by his plate: he tacitly bargained with himself to pass the money to the poor-box if his neighbours did but once talk of anything except their horses, dogs, and amorous conquests.

After dinner Schopenhauer returned to his room, took coffee, and rested for an hour, reading literature of a light kind. Then, whatever the weather, he started for his constitutional, attended by his poodle, and smoking a cigar. He walked briskly, on the principle that '*omnis motus, quo celerior, eo magis motus*,' using a bamboo stick, with which he had a trick of beating the ground smartly from time to time. When outside the city he liked to stop now and then, and through his eye-glass look at this or that feature of the landscape. Ordinarily he was averse to conversation out of doors, because it obliged him to open his mouth, whereas in the air he thought it more healthful to breathe through the nose.

His walk over, he re-entered his study, and, having given the poodle a plate of meat, he amused himself with the 'Times' and certain other newspapers and reviews, until it was time to go to

¹ The following extract from one of Schopenhauer's letters to Frauenstädt contains a pleasant bit of self-portraiture:—'When I entered the supper-room the other evening a gentleman uprose and introduced himself to me as Professor E—, of H—. His exterior is not bad; he has *tourneur*. But I could not bring about a regular connected conversation, for at every word he travelled off at a tangent to tell some tale which had nothing to do with the matter. Opposite to us sits a *quidam ignotus*, cigar in mouth, and a beard under the cigar. First he listens to our conversation, and then interferes in it. I, in accordance with my invariable tactics, answer him not a syllable. E—, on the other hand, enters into it, and the discourse between the two becomes so lively that they seem to forget me. I use the time to consume my half-chicken and drink my pint, and then I rise up suddenly, rejoicing that I have had the honour of making the Herr Professor's acquaintance. He could not quite hide his surprise and embarrassment, but asked permission to address me when we meet again. I transfer the privilege to you, if he should come to Berlin. We were together hardly one hour, most of which I spent in eating. Thus he uses his opportunity.'

the theatre or a concert-room. But latterly his pleasure in this respect was much lessened by his deafness, the one infirmity of his life. He taught his disciples that music was the best of cleansers for the mind, and the world knows how Richard Wagner, his devoted follower, has turned this teaching to account. He always listened to Beethoven's Symphonies with his eyes shut, and left the room immediately afterwards, to preserve the impression unweakened. At other times, between eight and nine, he again visited the hotel and supped lightly on cold meat and wine. Two glasses of Rhine wine were generally enough to excite his sensitive brain; hence he laid down the agreeable law that the quality of a man's brain is shown by his drinking capacity or incapacity. At supper he was most disposed to talk, and when in the vein he held his listeners spellbound until far into the night. In his old age the penalty of fame came upon him; he was constantly badgered to speak. But he was not a man to dissemble his humours, and so in one of his letters he remarks gaily that he has just outwitted a literary lady, who had thought to inveigle him into conversation, 'to pay her bill by reproducing' his 'chatter.' Quite late in life, before going to bed, he read a little of the 'ever-holy text of the Vedas,' and thus comforted in spirit, he closed his eyes and slept generally for eight hours without a break. Such was the daily routine of Arthur Schopenhauer's life for more than a score of years. He cannot be charged with luxuriousness of living, although, thanks to his able administration of his property and the ultimate sale of his books, he was, before he died, in good circumstances; but, on the other hand, he can as little take to himself what credit may appertain to a life of self-denying asceticism.

Besides his library and his poodle (or rather succession of poodles, with one common name for esoteric use, that of Atma, or soul of the world), the most notable of Schopenhauer's domestic surroundings was a bust of Kant, procured for him by Frauenstädt. For the last ten years of his life this stood on his writing-desk. Portraits of Goethe, Kant, Shakespeare, Descartes, and others, were on his walls. In 1856, however, he prepared a niche for the effigy of a man whom he was then impelled to honour even more than he honoured Kant—viz. Buddha the Magnanimous. An amusing passage of arms occurred between him and his landlady when this Buddha was unpacked. His landlady was a devout Catholic, with an orthodox shrine in the corner of her room, and

she was disposed to sneer a little at her master's divinity. 'He sits like a tailor!' she remarked when the bust was set upon its altar. But Schopenhauer cut short her sarcasms: 'You rude person!' he exclaimed, turning upon her in great wrath, 'have I ever abused *your* Lord God that you should speak in that way of the Victorious-Perfected?'

In spite of the rugosities and confessed blemishes of his character, there is something not a little pathetic and invigorating in the picture of this lonely, much-defamed, and much-defaming man, fast tending towards the grave, finding nightly solace in the lamplit pages of the Vedas and the mild face of the good Gautama.

V.

From the year 1853, when, in the 'Westminster Review,' Dr. Oxenford introduced this 'bold, eccentric, and terrible writer,' as he calls him, to the English public, until his death in 1860, Schopenhauer found increasing enjoyment in life now that his fame had come upon him. Those *Brodprofessoren*, whom, in spite of their assumed disdain of him, he charged with secret and fearful study of his works to their profit, were now at his feet. Yet he did not scruple to treat them as St. George treated the prostrate dragon. Hitherto his birthdays had been anniversaries devoted to sombre reflection. Now he received gifts and letters of congratulation. One disciple took the trouble to ascertain that he was born on a Friday; and this was held to be a significant fact. His seventieth birthday was celebrated as a festival of peculiar interest. Among the presents on this occasion was a silver tankard with the inscription, 'Only truth stands the test: it alone endures: it is the imperishable diamond.' An admirer buys an oil-painting of him, and promises to build a house for it. 'This,' says Schopenhauer, 'will be my first temple.' A gentleman writes to him from Haarlem, saying that his philosophy is to him like a Bible; he goes to it with the happiest results in every moment of sadness or distress. Another devotee avers that he had seen Schopenhauer in a dream before making his acquaintance. He is even accessible to professors and pastors of the Lutheran faith. From one of the latter he receives a curious tribute of respect. 'He has sent me a bundle of epigrams, &c. with the remark that no newspaper nor publisher will take them.' Nor are public honours wanting to complete his satisfaction, though

he haughtily rejects the proposition of becoming a member of the Berlin Academy: they had despised him throughout his life; he had lived without them; he could die without them. If they were in want of more members, they might bestow the honour upon half-a-dozen lieutenant-generals. As for him, he would have the honour of—remaining as he was. But perhaps the strongest proof of the old philosopher's influence was found in the army. Many officers wrote to him, and accepted his teaching with enthusiasm.

Up to the last year of his life, Schopenhauer's health was excellent. To be sure in 1853 he could write to Frauenstädt as follows:—‘Yesterday I was ill for once, with a cold in the stomach, and had to sit in, thinking of death, as befits my age; but to-day I laugh at it, and am going out, and hope yet long to be, your friend, A. S.’ But on his sixty-eighth birthday he was lusty and exuberant as ever. ‘I still run like a greyhound, am very well, blow at my flute every day, in summer swim in the Main (which I did last on September 19), suffer from no ailment, and my eyes are as good as when I was a student.’ Save his deafness, he had nothing to complain of. And again on his seventieth birthday, when one of his disciples reminds him that he has reached the limits of life, he eagerly contests the point: ‘The holy Upanishads say in two places, a hundred years is the term of man's life. That is my comfort.’

But Schopenhauer was not destined to live to be a centenarian. In the spring of the year 1860, to his surprise and displeasure, he was warned unmistakably that his body was getting out of gear. A difficulty of breathing compelled him to shorten his walks, and otherwise disturbed him. Dr. Gwinner advised him to breakfast in bed, but Schopenhauer would not surrender: he rose, took his cold bath as usual, and declined to vary the routine he had imposed upon himself. In September of the same year an attack of inflammation of the lungs much weakened him, and yet thus debilitated he insisted upon receiving visitors and continuing the final revision of his philosophical work, then in the third edition. But by this time he was convinced that he had not long to live. His talk with Gwinner was of a boding kind. He did not fear death, he said; for the corruption of the body he cared nothing; but what would happen to him, he asked, if, after all, spiritual existence was not a myth, and his soul were to come under the hands of Hegel and the other professors of philosophy

whom he had so vituperated during his life? It was a whimsical fancy, but he seems to have set it forth in all seriousness. If only he could live until he had finished his work! But he could find enlivenment in the self-assurance that the worth of his philosophy was well evidenced in the reception that had been given to it by so many honest men and women, to whom it was welcome as a substitute for the old religion of Christianity. He would like to have felt certain that death for him meant annihilation; but he could not believe it; he had not been sufficiently a denier of the Will to Live to have merited this boon.

He spent the evening of the third day before his death in talking to Gwinner in this way. The doctor tried to cheer him out of his presentiments, but he only partially succeeded. Three days afterwards, entering the house at an early hour, he found Schopenhauer lying upon the sofa, dead: a spasm of the lungs had seized him just as he was about to sit down to breakfast. It was such a death as he had hoped for.

Schopenhauer was buried as befitted him, with no pomp. No relative, and only two or three of his disciples, followed him to the grave. But he was fortunate in having the funeral oration pronounced over his body by a pastor of singular magnanimity, who knew and reminded his hearers that they were doing the last honours to a man of genius and a man of extraordinary robustness of character. Never was the spirit of Christianity better shown forth than in the words of this good priest over the man who had discarded and opposed the religion of Christ.

‘. . . Our friend’s teaching was like the cut of his coat, quite out of the fashion—and so it will remain! . . .

‘. . . To the common eye he was a misanthropist; but, little as he esteemed men, he felt for them, and was full of sympathy. . . .

‘. . . May the soil rest lightly upon him! Peace be to his ashes!’

When Gwinner asked him where he wished to be buried, Schopenhauer replied, ‘It is all one—they will find me!’ And thus he rests in the Frankfort Cemetery, and his grave is indicated by a common headstone, with the simple inscription: ‘Arthur Schopenhauer.’

In conclusion, we may say that in his lifetime Schopenhauer was more charitable than he cared to take credit for being, and that the bulk of his property after his death went to charitable

purposes. How far his predictions about his own importance will be fulfilled it is impossible to say; but a bibliography of him, recently published, covers nearly a hundred pages. Some people think Schopenhauer to blame for the leaven of anarchy, and also point to him as the prime cause of the suicidal mania, in his country. Yet no error could be more radical. In politics he asked for order before everything; and he left a large sum of money for the orphans and widows of the soldiers who died in defence of order during the outbreaks in Frankfort in 1848. The other charge against him is equally irrational, for he has demonstrated in his works that of all criminal beings the suicide is the most criminal.

We need say nothing about Schopenhauer's teaching in general. There are many strong spirits who, having 'eaten their spiritual bread with tears,' thankfully accept it as a staff to lean upon. It is like a dry wind straight from the ice of the pole—piercing indeed, but bracing to those who are robust enough to breathe it. But most men, who really go through life spiritually unmoved, would laugh at Schopenhauer and his philosophy.

'What! is it possible?' shouted the phrenologist to whom the cast of Schopenhauer's head was sent after his death. He had never seen such monstrous development, believed he was being imposed upon, and confessed that he almost felt afraid of the thing. So with the philosophy of the philosopher of Pessimism!

A CELIBATE'S WIFE.

THE Rev. Peter Lillingston was exceedingly popular amongst his parishioners. And deservedly so. Had he not, at his own expense, re-seated the church, laid down the most elegant tile floor, kept the parish supplied for years in all the newest designs in altar-cloths, and generally done everything that the most model rector could do? Never was there a pastor who was so generous to his flock, or who presided over the church in such a truly liberal spirit.

But he had one fault, though his parishioners did not perceive it. He was ready to sell his soul, or anything else that he possessed or did not possess, for one particular object.

Souls (so spelt) are not, generally speaking, marketable commodities. Much misapprehension is shown on this point. It is true that Faust had an opportunity of regaining his youth at the price of his soul, and he not unnaturally accepted the offer; but I believe I am justified in stating that his is the only recorded case of a man obtaining valuable consideration for that article. Yet in all ages there have been numbers of men who, overlooking the fact that their souls are of value only to themselves, have offered them for sale. Some have been ready to sell them for gold; some for love; others for fame.

The Rev. Peter Lillingston followed a different line. He was ready to sell his soul for what he considered religion. He delayed sending his boys to school from year to year that he might restore the parish church; he kept his house as comfortless as a gaol that he might gild and decorate the chancel; he starved his children to buy altar-cloths.

He was blessed with a small income and a charming wife, who was considerably his junior, for whom he had provided in case of his decease by insuring his life. His wife, although not by any means averse to divine worship, did not agree with an entire sacrifice of home duties to parish popularity; but the rector never hesitated to sacrifice any of her comforts to his darling church. With him charity began and ended abroad.

For instance, Mrs. Lillingston was devoted to music, and while

permitting her zealous husband to sell the dining-room furniture to endow the 'Burglars' Sunday Evening Society' with an exhaustive library, and to melt down the family silver to make offertory plates, she had always managed to retain a beautiful grand piano, which had been given her before her marriage, the strings of which had metaphorically wound themselves round her heart. One day, however, on returning from a week's visit to her relations, she found the piano gone, and in answer to her tearful inquiries she was informed that it had been sacrificed to a worthy object. A few months later her husband proudly showed her what he was pleased to call the 'Lillingston Vestry,' which had been built with the proceeds of her worldly instrument, and was warmed with a gas-stove which Mrs. Lillingston had herself purchased for the nursery.

From this instance of the many acts of fanaticism committed by the Rev. Lillingston it will be understood that his parish popularity increased in inverse proportion to the strength of his family affections. One result to the children of their father's idiosyncrasies was that they grew up to be practically atheists. They understood at a very early age that all their comforts and joys were sacrificed to the parish, and this started them in life with a prejudice against religion; and when, as they grew older, they saw all their innocent pleasures frustrated by the illimitable claims of Mother Church, their aversion to that institution became unconquerable.

It was well known about two years ago that the Rectory drains were sadly out of order. But the leaders of the Local Board, being for the most part churchwardens, were not so indelicate as to allow their pastor to be troubled about such worldly matters, knowing, as they did, that so long as the church was dry and clean the Rector would care little though his own house stood in a swamp.

But something less exorable than sanitary inspectors brought the matter to light. Disease is no respecter of persons. Mrs. Lillingston's youngest child—a baby of three years—sickened, and the doctor who was at length called in declared a month at the seaside to be absolutely necessary.

This news was great trouble to the Rector. He had his eye just then upon a new thing in lecterns—a magnificent design in polished brass of an impossible bird standing on one claw, and holding a kind of exaggerated shepherd's crook in the other, while it balanced the enormous book on its back as if it was performing

on a tight-rope. This little article was priced at about 80%, and it became a question between the lectern on one side and the month at the sea on the other.

A terrible conflict ensued in the reverend gentleman's mind. He thought the matter over for nearly three weeks, which his wife spent in incessant watching by the sick child's bed.

One night he dreamt he saw the brass bird fighting with the child, thrusting the crook down the baby's throat, and finally crushing it under the Bible. He awoke in a fright, with the resolve that the child should go to the sea that very day, and hastened to his wife to tell her of his decision. He peeped in, and saw her kneeling at the bedside. It was in the early morning, and a ray of cold grey light fell on the white baby face upon the pillow. He had delayed too long. The child was dead.

Sorrows never come singly. For the next three weeks Mrs. Lillingston, who had fallen ill on the day of her child's decease, lay on the brink of death in a raging fever. Then at last the clergyman began to feel the stings of remorse as he watched by his delirious wife's bedside night after night; for he was really fond of her, though his love had been swallowed up in his one absorbing passion. For the first time in his life it gave him no pleasure to enter his beautiful church and feast his eyes on the rich walls and windows. He resolved in future to spend what he could afford on his family, and not sacrifice them entirely to the church. He felt—though he could hardly believe it—quite a loathing for such things as reading-desk and reredos. The new lectern was ordered—though not paid for—so that could not be helped. But he determined never again to spend his private money to gratify his parishioners.

The crisis passed, and gradually Mrs. Lillingston recovered, till, after three months at the seaside, she was almost herself again. Gradually, too, her husband began to forget his good resolutions, and feel once more a hankering after albs and stoles and stained-glass windows. But first there was the lectern debt to be got rid of. The money that was to have been paid for it had all been spent on Mrs. Lillingston's illness. The Rector was a good customer of the church furnishers who had supplied it, and they would not press him for payment for a long time yet. But the bill had been sent in.

About five years previously the Rector had surprised and delighted the parish by presenting the church with a magnificent

peal of five bells. Nobody knew where he had got the money from, and nobody cared except Mrs. Lillingston. When she inquired about it, she was told not to interfere. This beneficent gift had gained the Rector enormous *kudos*. Three deputations, with banners, had called on him at separate times, thanked him in the heartiest manner, and then gone round to the back door and compelled Mrs. Lillingston to provide them with beer. The local papers were surcharged with laudatory leaders. The curate had preached the most fulsome sermon on the subject, and the bishop had written to the rector to express his sincere approval of the gift. The bells were continuously rung—by tyros—for almost a whole week, and the deaths of three infirm old ladies who lived near the church were hastened by the process.

When the Rev. and Mrs. Lillingston returned from the seaside after Mrs. Lillingston's illness, it was found that the large bell had got somehow shifted and could not be rung. It was suggested by certain evil-minded persons that some one who lived near the church, feeling that their brains were being drummed away by the continual pealing the whole of every Sunday, as well as Tuesdays and Fridays and every Saint's day, had induced some hireling to ascend the tower at night and disable one of the bells. This suggestion was dismissed with the contempt it deserved. How could any one, however near the church he was fortunate enough to live, ever grow tired of hearing the beautiful bells that dear Mr. Lillingston had presented to the parish?

Be that as it may, the bell had got wrong, and it remained to put it right. But before sending for men to do it, the Rector took upon himself to ascend the tower and examine it, late one afternoon and all alone. Now the monks who built our old churches seem to have taken a fiendish delight in making the ascent of the towers as perilous as possible. This was no exception. The staircase began in the most respectable way. There were nice square stone steps for a little distance, and up went the reverend though corpulent gentleman as merrily as could be. But after it had wound twice round it became perfectly dark for a while, and as one of the steps seemed to have worn quite away, the Rector came down with his knees on one step and his forehead on another in the most undignified manner imaginable.

After this he proceeded more cautiously. The stone steps came to an end, and were succeeded by wooden stairs, worm-eaten and crumbling away. Up he went, past the great clock that ticked

so loudly that it seemed as if it was shouting to warn him to go no higher, till he came to a shaky ladder which led up to the belfry. This ladder wanted mending sadly. Several of the rungs had fallen out, and consequently the Rector had to stretch his legs considerably to step from one to the other. However, he reached the top in safety, although feeling rather nervous, for he had not been in the belfry for many years, and it seemed somewhat alarming. There was a strong wind blowing, and the wooden shutters rattled and the bell-axes creaked as if they were living things. The longer he stayed the more frightened he felt, and the less inclined to commence the downward journey. He looked through the narrow shutters and wished he was back in his house, which he saw below, with the children playing in the garden. It is a far more difficult thing to climb down than to climb up; and this is unfortunate, for whereas an ascent is generally voluntary, one often has no choice whether to descend or no. This is what struck the Rector as he looked down the ladder; and the more he looked at it the more dangerous it seemed.

Suddenly the weathercock whirled round with a shriek so close to his ear that he started and turned round in a hurry to retreat. The first step of the ladder was a very long one, for the two top rungs were out. There was no rail to hold on to. He clutched hold of a bell-wheel to steady himself, and it swung round and terrified him by making the bell speak with a jarring sound. Then he knelt on the dusty floor, and sent one of his legs down to reconnoitre. It had been vaguely wandering about for some time, feeling for the ladder, when a bat in the roof started off for its evening exercise and brought down a lump of plaster on to the Rector's head. At this most critical moment he started violently, lost his balance, and went crashing down, through the lath and plaster floor of the clock story—down to the bottom of the tower. In his fall he caught hold of a bell-rope, and the bell answered with a tremendous clang. It was his death-knell.

The sexton, who was in the churchyard, hearing the bell ring and the thud of the body on the floor, rushed into the church and found the Rector in a dying condition. He was carried to the house and expired within an hour. As he lay dying, he was just able to speak to his wife.

‘Mary, I have been very very wicked to you—I leave you in great trouble—you must try and forgive me.’

‘I do forgive you everything. Are you thinking of the lectern

that is not paid for? We shall soon pay off that debt with the insurance money, you know.'

The dying man's face grew whiter than ever, and he clenched his hands convulsively.

'The policy—I sold it—five years ago—for the church bells.'

The parishioners were very sorry when they heard that the Rector was dead; and still more so when they heard that his widow and five children were not only left utterly destitute, but saddled with a debt of 80*l.* for the new lectern, for this news seemed unpleasantly suggestive of subscription lists. A list was indeed opened, and half the lectern debt was paid off. Then they closed their purses and felt they had done their duty.

The present Rector is particularly proud of his bells; and for the number and variety of its altar-cloths and the general excellence of its decorations the church is unsurpassed in the whole county.

SOME TYPOGRAPHICAL ERRORS.

THE number of curious typographical blunders which from time to time have been committed is naturally very great. In most cases the errors have been simply absurd, but in some instances they have been of such a nature as to be fraught with serious consequences to the perpetrators of them.

Shortly after the invention of printing, the wife of a printer in Germany, whilst an edition of the Bible was in the press, on one occasion made a small, but important, change in the types. The sentence in Genesis in which it is declared that Eve shall be subject to her husband runs thus: 'He shall be thy lord' (Herr). This was altered to 'He shall be thy fool' (Narr). Many copies of the book got into circulation before the substitution of the one word for the other was discovered, for in black letter *Herr* and *Narr* much resemble each other. It is said that the practical joke cost the unfortunate woman her life, she having been condemned to the stake by the ecclesiastical authorities.

During the latter part of the last century an awkward mistake occurred in this country in printing the Bible. In this edition the word *not* was omitted in the seventh commandment. For this piece of carelessness the then Archbishop of Canterbury imposed a heavy penalty. The edition, so far as practicable, was called in and destroyed, and a fine of 20,000*l.* was inflicted upon the printers.

The Roman Catholic Missal issued in France was once the subject of a ludicrous blunder. By the accidental substitution of an *u* for an *a*, the word *calotte* (an ecclesiastical cap or mitre) was printed *culotte* (breeches). The error occurred in the directions for conducting the service, and the sentence as altered read, 'Here the priest will take off his *culotte*.'

Yet another illustration of the curious perversions sometimes made in the Scriptures by printers may be given. The late Reverend William Jay once published a sermon preached by him on the text, 'Skin for skin, yea, all that a man hath will he give for his life.' The printer made the last word to read *wife*. Mr. Jay corrected the blunder in the first and second proofs without the requisite alteration being attended to. When the author received

the last revise of the pamphlet, noticing that the erroneous word still made its appearance, he wrote on the margin of the page, 'This depends altogether upon circumstances; change your "wife" into "*life*."'

It occasionally happens that in a printing-office some of the types will fall out of the forme, and in replacing them mistakes are liable to occur. In an edition of 'The Men of the Time,' part of a paragraph referring to Robert Owen, the Parallelogram Communist, became disarranged, and the compositor, instead of reinserting the lines in their proper place, put them under the heading of 'Oxford, Bishop of,' which was the next alphabetical reference. The result was that the article began thus:

'OXFORD, the Right Reverend SAMUEL WILBERFORCE, Bishop of, was born in 1805.' A more kind-hearted, truly benevolent man does not exist. *A sceptic as regards religious belief, he is nevertheless an out-and-out believer in spirit movements.*

Directly the mistake was discovered the leaf was cancelled, but before this was done some copies of the book had got into circulation.

In Mr. Pycroft's 'Ways and Words of Men of Letters,' there is given a conversation with a printer. 'Really,' said the printer, 'gentlemen should not place such unlimited confidence in the eyesight of our hard-worked and half-blinded reader of proofs, for I am ashamed to say that we utterly ruined one poet by a ludicrous misprint.' 'Indeed! And what was the unhappy line?' 'Why, sir, the poet intended to say, "See the pale martyr in a sheet of fire"; instead of which we made him to say, "See the pale martyr *with his shirt on fire*."'

A frequent source of error is the substitution of one letter for another. Thus on one occasion the line

'So the struck eagle stretched upon the plain'

appeared in print as

'So the struck eagle stretched upon the *plate*.'

And in a poem in which the author had written:

'For the dew-drop that falls on the freshly-blown roses,'

the printer made him to say:

'For the dew-drop that falls on the freshly-blown *noses*.'

In the case of misprints of the character of those above cited,

the first impression of the reader who sees them would likely be that the mistakes must have been intentional. But this conclusion is not necessarily the correct one, for a compositor seldom attempts to follow the sense of the manuscript he is putting into type. Indeed it is a proverb with printers that he who does this will never become a rapid workman. The idea is that it is the duty of a compositor to 'follow copy,' and that it is the business of the proof-reader to correct errors.

Sometimes, however, the printer will undertake to rectify a mistake into which he conceives the author has fallen, and not always with the happiest results. Thus a compositor, ignorant of the Greek mythology, came across the sentence, 'Shall reign the Hecate of the lowest hell.' This must be wrong, was the argument, for *cat* is not spelt with a final *e*; so the line was changed to read, 'Shall reign the *He cat* of the lowest hell.'

In this connection the writer may mention that in a story of his a similar emendation of the text was attempted by the printer. In the tale—the scene of which was laid in America—a hunter was represented as saying, 'I was as hungry as a painter,' this word being commonly used for panther in the Western States. Now the compositor evidently supposed that he had discovered a mistake, for why should a painter be more liable to suffer from hunger than people following other avocations? The phrase, therefore, was altered to *pointer*. In the proof sent the author the *o* was struck out and an *a* substituted for it. In the 'revise' the requisite alteration had not been made, and it was only when attention was called to the mistake for the second time that it was corrected.

Moore, in his diary, mentions that when he was in the United States he saw an American edition of 'Gifford's Journal.' In this work the author—whilst instituting a parallel between Horace and Juvenal—had used this language: 'Horace was of an easy disposition, inclining to indolence.' But the printer had converted the last word into *insolence*; thus spoiling the whole sense of the sentence.

The bad handwriting of some authors is the cause of many of the typographical errors which occur in their works. The manuscripts of Balzac, for instance, were almost illegible, and this circumstance, combined with the numerous alterations and interlineations with which they abounded, rendered the novelist the bugbear of the compositors employed in the offices where his works

were printed. In fact, the workmen were in the practice of stipulating that they should not be required to devote more than a small portion of their time each day to Balzac's copy, since, otherwise, the work—paid by the piece, as is usual—would not afford them a living.

The late Horace Greeley, the eminent American journalist, is another example of a man of letters writing an exceptionally bad hand. Not only was it most difficult for others to read his manuscript, but he himself, when a little while had elapsed since he had penned it, frequently found it impossible to do so. An anecdote is related of him that having, on one occasion, addressed a note to an *employé* discharging him for incompetence, the man, confident that no one was likely to decipher the execrable scrawl, had the assurance, when seeking another situation, to offer the letter in question as a testimonial received from his previous employer.

The illegibility of one line of the manuscript of 'Childe Harold's Pilgrimage' was the cause of an important error in the early editions of that work, and one which, oddly enough, not only escaped the notice of the author at the time, but also that of the critics until long afterwards. Indeed, even in Moore's edition of Byron's complete works, published in 1832, the error still remained uncorrected. In Canto IV., stanza 182 of the poem, Byron, speaking of the sea, was represented in the text to have made use of this language:

Thy shores are empires, changed in all save thee—
Assyria, Greece, Rome, Carthage, what are they?
Thy waters *wasted them* while they were free.

Some years ago the editor of a new collection of Byron's poems was struck by the inaccuracy of the statement embodied in the words italicised above. 'Where,' he argued, 'has the Mediterranean "wasted" the shores of any of the countries bordering upon it? On the contrary, it is well known to all geographers that this sea and the waters flowing from it have, in the course of the last twenty centuries, shrunk considerably within their ancient boundaries. This is more especially the case as regards the Adriatic, many places in Italy which were seaports in the time of the Cæsars now being situated some little distance inland. Now, it seems quite incomprehensible that Byron, who resided for a lengthened period in the south of Europe, should be so ignorant

of these facts as to commit himself to a statement utterly inconsistent with history. Consequently the most natural explanation of the error must be that there is a misprint in the text.'

The result of this reasoning was that the gentleman in question sought and obtained access to the original manuscript of the poem. A careful scrutiny of it proved that the third line of the stanza, as written by the author, ran thus:—

Thy waters *washed their power* while they were free.

This emendation makes good sense of a line which, as it formerly stood, was palpably inaccurate. In all the recent editions of 'Childe Harold's Pilgrimage' the correct reading is given.

MAMMOTH HUNTING IN SIBERIA.

THE mammoth has had exceptional good fortune among the unhappy company of extinct animals. Alone in the whole prehistoric world it possesses a name of which it need not be ashamed, a name which entitles it at once to naturalisation as an adopted citizen in all civilised modern languages. Nobody ever dreams of talking in polite society about the palæotherium or the enaliosaurian, about the *Æpyornis giganteus* or the *Plesiosaurus dolichodeiros*; those, we all instinctively feel, are bad words connected with questions which had better be discussed (if ever) 'in the absence of Mrs. Boffin.' But the mammoth has created for itself a recognised place in popular phraseology and popular literature; it is known as familiarly to the unlearned herd as the elephant or the rhinoceros, the jumping frog or the 'blue-faced gorilla.' Mammoth shows parade the country towns, though nobody ever heard of a mastodon entertainment, or even of an elephantine equestrian troupe; Mammoth Caves attract annually their thousands of visitors in the summer season, and mammoth concerns at the West End threaten to absorb the Lilliputian establishments of the steady-going, old-fashioned British shopkeeper. Why this one particular fossil animal should thus have struck the popular fancy with his personal attractions it would be hard indeed to say. The mammoth was not really so very much bigger than the common African elephant, and certainly nothing like as big as the Greenland whales, or as the gigantic land saurians of the secondary period. But the comparative shortness and native ring of the name he bore seems first to have recommended him for exploitation to the shrewd and practical American mind; for it was the Americans who took the lead in the adjectival utilisation of the word mammoth, and after being duly enrolled in the American language its adoption on this side of the Atlantic became of course, as usual, a mere matter of time. Whenever the great American people boom, the poor benighted Britisher must in due course boom after them. He may not individually like booming; he may make many wry faces at first, in the process; but boom he must in the long run, whether he like it or not. The English language at the present day is imported, like the corn, the cheese,

the tinned peaches, and the smoked bacon, direct from the original manufactories at Chicago.

Not, of course, that the name mammoth was an invention of Barnum, a splendid inspiration of the native American mind. It comes to us from Siberia via New York, and was first applied to the extinct member of the elephant tribe by the unsophisticated Tungusians of the mouth of the Lena. The origin of the name mammoth is in itself indeed a perfect romance of mingled folklore and natural history. From time immemorial, the heathen fisher-folk of the Siberian waste were accustomed to discovering among the silted rubbish of the river mouths the tusks and bones of a huge animal, which they naturally believed to be a sort of gigantic mole, because they never saw it alive above ground, but sometimes came upon its frozen remains deeply buried in the mud of the tundras or barren moss-morasses of their northern expanses. For this reason they called the creatures by the name mammoth, a name which I am credibly informed is the equivalent of mole in the Tungusian dialect of the Ostiak language. On this point, however, I would fain speak with becoming diffidence, because my own first-hand acquaintance with the Ostiak tongue is strictly limited, being in fact what the mathematicians ingeniously call a negative quantity. Tungusian, to say the truth, is just at present of little use in practical life; and therefore it is probably included in no scheme of teaching except in the alarming Cambridge curriculum for the higher education of women. Consider how valuable a knowledge of that subject, and of the text of *Beowulf* in the original Anglo-Saxon, must be to a person destined to fulfil the ordinary functions of a wife and mother!

Be that as it may, however, the word mammoth was long known as the name of a mysterious underground creature, whose tusks the heathen fishermen of the Arctic shore used to send to St. Petersburg, for the prosaic purpose of the manufacture of ivory. So greedy indeed is modern man of commercial products that not content with cutting the fresh tusks from the still living jaws of the fallen African elephant, he actually utilises the fossil remains of the quaternary epoch for the production of dress buttons and the turning of billiard balls. For aught I know to the contrary, the very penholder which is an accessory before the fact to my inditing of this present article may have been carved from the relics of some prehistoric elephant whose huge body yet stands unthawed among the frozen morasses of the Siberian tundra. But

the eighteenth century, little inquisitive in the remotely antique, and satisfied to attribute all fossil bones to the Noachian deluge, took small heed of the North Asiatic mammoths. It merely heard in a vague way that ivory tusks were imported from Siberia, and contented itself with sagely surmising that they were in all probability nothing more than very big walrus teeth.

At the same time, throughout all Western Europe, elephant bones of huge size were occasionally unearthed in the course of digging foundations for houses; and the artless antiquaries of the eighteenth century speculated with much perverted ingenuity as to how the elephants could ever have got to France or England. Some of the bones were found in Italy, and the sagacious antiquaries of the Tuscan Academy solved the problem by observing that elephants, as is well known, formed part of the equipment both of Pyrrhus and of Hannibal. Others were found in various parts of our more northern Britain, and these, to be sure, were rather more difficult for history to account for: but the ingenious archæologist was here again equal to the occasion; he suggested with much seriousness that the Romans had probably brought them over for the sports of the arena at York or Colchester. Such easy guesses satisfied to the full the uncritical spirit of the eighteenth century, and few people reflected on the bare possibility of a hairy northern form of elephant having once ranged over the entire expanse of temperate and arctic Europe and America.

Sometimes, too, the bones of mammoths were converted by too ardent and enthusiastic theologians into proofs of the literal correctness of Scripture, and surviving evidences of the universal deluge. 'There were giants in those days,' says the book of Genesis; and mammoth bones had at least the appropriate merit of being undoubtedly very gigantic. The giant of Lucerne, in particular, had a vast vogue in his own time; he was cleverly constructed by an ingenious but unscrupulous Basle professor out of some elephantine remains dug up from the drift in the immediate neighbourhood of the Swiss playground. By a skilful and judicious selective process, the guileful professor built up from the bones a mock-human skeleton, twenty-six feet high in its stockingless feet, and installed it in state in the museum of the Jesuits' College, where it held its daily levées with great success, and became the pride and admiration of the Lucerne populace. Unfortunately, however, one day a spoil-sport scientist of osteological tastes came to view the mendacious giant—no less

a person, in fact, than the great anatomist Blumenbach himself; and under his disenchanting gaze the son of Anak forthwith resolved himself with immense contempt into an elephantine fraud of the first magnitude. Still earlier, in 1613, the giant of Dauphiné had had an equally ephemeral local success; he was declared to have been one of the Cimbri who fought against Marius, and it was even decided by abstract reasoning that his original name and station was King Teutobochus; but in the end, this historical impostor also turned out to be nothing more or less than a perverted mastodon. Occasionally the bones of these various elephantine species were also attributed to the blessed saints, and carried round the fields in time of drought by way of propitiating the unkindly heavens.

It was not till the last year of the last century that the first entire mammoth was disintombed from the tundra, to the complete demolition of giants and antiquaries, and the profound delight of scientific inquirers. In 1799, at the very moment when a rash young man of the name of Bonaparte was upsetting the Directory and making himself incontinently into a First Consul, the people of Siberia were quietly rejoicing in the rare and unexpected luxury of a warm summer. In the course of this unexpected climatic debauch a Tungusian fisherman in the Lena district went out one day hunting for mammoth tusks, and was surprised to find instead a whole mammoth sticking out visibly from a bank of half-thawed mud. Siberians stand rather in awe of mammoths; they are regarded as in some sort antediluvian, and therefore uncanny monsters, and the fisherman accordingly said nothing of his find to any man anywhere, but locked up the secret profoundly in his own bosom. Next year, however, he went again stealthily to visit the suspicious creature, and the year after that he visited it a third time; and so on, till the mammoth was at last fairly thawed out, and fell on to a sandbank by the shore of the Arctic Ocean. Then the fisherman, seeing the monster was really dead, summoned up courage boldly to cut out the tusks, which he straightway sold, on business bent, for fifty roubles to a Russian merchant. As to the body itself, he thought no more in any way about that, for the skin and the flesh being somewhat high, not to say unpleasant, were not in a condition to form marketable commodities. However, he noticed that his monster was covered with long hair and thick wool, and that in general shape it roughly resembled his own unsophisticated idea of an elephant.

Two years later a wandering man of science passed that way on his road to China with Count Golovkin. Hearing that a mammoth had been unearthed, or rather uniced, near the mouth of the Lena, he turned aside from his main path to pay his respects in due form to the prehistoric monster. He found it, indeed, still recognisable, but, *quantum mutatus ab illo*, a bare and mutilated elephantine corpse, with scarce a fragment of flesh clinging to the bones of the huge skeleton. The fishermen around had cut off the muscles from the body in great slices to feed their dogs, and the wolves and bears had feasted their fill on the frozen and unsavoury meat of a forgotten antiquity. There is something positively appalling in the idea of that strange beast, preserved so fresh for 80,000 years (on the most modest computation), that when once more disintombed it was still fit for lupine food, and for the matter of that was very probably cooked and eaten in part by the unsophisticated Tungusians themselves in person. But though most of the flesh had disappeared, the skeleton still remained almost intact, held together in places by the undecayed ligaments; the huge eyes yet stared wildly from their capacious sockets, the brain was uninjured within the heavy skull, one ear hung unhurt from the side of the head, retaining its long tuft of bristly hair, and as much of the skin had escaped destruction as ten men could carry away together. The skeleton was taken to St. Petersburg and there set up in the museum of the Imperial Academy. It has frequently sat or stood for its portrait since to various artists, and its counterfeit presentment in black and white forms, in fact, the common mammoth of the ordinary woodcuts, almost all of which are taken from this earliest, best, and most perfect specimen. The only doubtful point about the beast is the tusks. They were repurchased, as was supposed, from the Russian merchant who had bought them from their original discoverer; but whether he sold back the right pair, or another set like them that fitted equally well, has never been quite satisfactorily determined.

From that time forward it became quite clear that the mammoth was really a hairy northern form of elephant, adapted for living in a cold climate, and quite distinct in several ways from the degenerate modern hairless elephants of India and Africa. In the first place he was considerably bigger, the tallest elephants being not more than eleven feet high, while the mammoth often reached thirteen feet or over, with thickness in proportion. Then,

again, as regards his 'points,' he was very much clumsier, heavier, and uglier. Our own elephant is not precisely a model of grace; elephantine is an adjective the reverse of sylph-like; but the mammoth was in this respect even more than elephantine; he was an elephant raised to the n^{th} power of heaviness and ugliness. As the Arab is to the coarse dray-horse, so was Jumbo to the Siberian mammoth. The tusks of the earlier beast were very much longer, and spirally curved at the end in a way which suggests that his mode of fighting must have been to charge with his head between his legs, forehead foremost; for Mr. Darwin has amply shown that the *raison d'être* of all tusks, spurs, horns, and antlers is to assist the lords and masters of the herd in their battles for the secure possession of their harems.

It must not, however, be supposed that our own elephant is in any way a degenerate descendant of the true mammoth. On the contrary, the great Siberian beast was in many respects a more advanced and specialised representative of the original family than his southern cousins. He was, in short, a progressive elephant, who, seized with a desire to emigrate, had gone north and overspread the whole temperate regions of Europe, Asia, and North America before the coming on of the great ice age. In his northern home he retained or redeveloped the hairy covering which the elephants lost in India or Africa, and he took kindly enough to the cold weather which preceded the advent of the glacial epoch. In short, he was rather an elder brother of the elephant than in any sense a direct ancestor.

Other mammoths have since been found in the Siberian tundra, buried where they sank in up to their necks among the soft slush, and preserved ever since, partly like tinned meats by the exclusion of the air, and partly like Australian mutton by the effects of frost. The most interesting find was that made by a young Russian engineer of the name of Benkendorf, who, steaming in a small cutter up the Indigirka river (not to know the Indigirka naturally argues yourself unknown), saw, during a flood, to his immense delight, a real dead mammoth, with its eyes open, and its hairy trunk moving restlessly through the turbid water, bobbing up and down merrily in the stream before him. There is a well-known Swiss story of the wrinkled old woman in a mountain village who recognises in the fresh corpse of a young man just brought down among the ice of a glacier to the point where it melts into an Alpine torrent, the features of her lover, lost half

a century before in the yawning mouth of a deep crevasse. But what is half a century of iced humanity to a hundred thousand years of preserved mammoth? Benkendorf lassoed the extinct monster, whose hind limbs still stuck firm in the frozen earth, and observed with interest that it stood upright, showing conclusively the manner in which it met its death: it had sunk in through the soft mud, and there been frozen hard by the yet unmelted Siberian ice of the glacial epoch. Even the contents of the stomach were still preserved, and as they consisted of pine-needles and fir-cones, they indicated at once the nature of the mammoth's original food, and the climate of the country at the time when he lived there. Curiously enough, in the case of the mastodon, whose mortal remains, other than bones, have nowhere been preserved for our edification, an exactly similar accident disclosed the character of that other extinct elephant's fare. A skeleton dug up in the mud of a pond in New Jersey was found to have within its bare ribs the relics of a comfortable meal, consisting of seven bushels of dry green-stuff, chiefly minute twigs and leaves of cypress.

Probably the Siberian tundra is everywhere full of buried mammoths. Certainly the Irish bogs are full of the skeletons of the gigantic Irish elks, entombed in precisely the same manner. At the period when the mammoths ranged over the whole of the northern continents, the climate of Siberia must have been nearly as cold as it is at the present day. The big brutes must often have strayed down from the pine-woods where they fed to the neighbouring tundras, whose frozen surface readily supported them. But when a thaw came the luckless monster would find himself helplessly floundering in the soft mud till he sank in past all hope, and the muddy ooze closed remorselessly above his huge head. Then frost set in and bound him tight, a frost that never relaxed its hold from the days of the glacial epoch itself till the unusual thaw of the warm summer when he was once more unearthed for scientific eyes to observe his lineaments. We may well believe that if all the tundra could be systematically explored, innumerable skeletons of deceased mammoths might everywhere be discovered among its frozen recesses.

Every now and then, when the Siberian thermometer takes a wild upward movement above its normal freezing-point, a thaw by the riverside exposes the embedded body of a mammoth, thus hermetically fastened in the hard mass of ice-bound peat-moss.

The bank then gives way in flood, partly, no doubt, under the influence of the monster's weight, and the decomposing body is accordingly swept seaward, where it soon breaks up or is eaten by marine animals, leaving only the bones to bear witness to the huge creature's former existence. These bones are afterwards cast up in immense numbers on the Arctic coasts, especially in the Liahkov Islands, off the mouth of the Lena, where Nordenskiöld found them in such vast quantities that the shore for miles resembled a regular mammoth cemetery or elephantine charnel-house. Nordenskiöld carried away a few selected specimens for his own use, but myriads more strew the coast everywhere, dissolved from their icy, muddy, watery grave by the occasional warm Siberian summers. Dr. Middendorf even unearthed an entire young mammoth in river sand and gravel at the mouth of the Taringe, a stream as to whose precise geographical position I will not pretend to any private or exceptional knowledge.

But though Siberia is the classical country for mammoth hunting—standing to that noble sport in the same relation as Leicestershire does to the pursuit of the familiar fox, or Norfolk to that of the domestic partridge—it is not by any means in Siberia alone that the exciting chase of the extinct mammal can be fully enjoyed by the enthusiastic sportsman. In all the river-deposits of England, France, Germany, and Russia, mammoth remains occur in abundance. A single collector found in the beds at Cromer alone the bones of more than one hundred deceased specimens. In North America, too, the mammoth may be regarded as a common object of the country from Newfoundland to Alaska, and from the Arctic Ocean to the Gulf of Mexico. Probably there is no other extinct mammal whose personal remains have everywhere been found in such immense numbers, or with whose exact form we are so perfectly familiar. For this, no doubt, the mammoth has to thank his enormous size, which renders his bones and tusks comparatively indestructible; but he also owes much to his late date in geological time—he has been dead only some eighty thousand years or so—as well as the peculiar conditions of his life which have caused his remains to be sometimes preserved entire for our edification, like those things of yesterday, the Egyptian mummies and the pickled and desiccated Incas of Peru.

Science, however, is nothing if not exact: let us be exact, then, since this is a strictly scientific paper (though the Royal

Society might fail to perceive it), and let us ask ourselves soberly in due form, who was the mammoth, when did he live, how did he come there, and where did he come from?

The origin of the great proboscidean race in general, and of the mammoth and elephant group in particular, like the early history of *Jeames de la Pluche*, is 'wrop in obscurity.' All we can say about them with any confidence is that they form a comparatively late order of mammals, whose earliest recognisable representative in geological time is the monstrous *deinotherium*, an aquatic animal with a long trunk, and with two immense curved tusks, projecting downward paradoxically from his lower instead of his upper jaw. The *deinotherium* makes his first appearance upon this or any other stage in the Miocene period: but as he couldn't, of course, have appeared there (like *Aphrodite* and *Topsy*) without any parents, and as he was then already a fairly specialised and highly developed animal, we must take it for granted that his earlier ancestry, though ancient and respectable in its own time, had long passed away, leaving not a wrack behind, so far as yet known, in the matter of tangible geological vouchers. These unknown ancestors, in all probability, gave birth during their earlier and more plastic stage—for species, like individuals, are most readily moulded in their green youth—to three main family branches. The senior branch produced the *deinotherium*, a vast brute, who, finding the world too full to hold him about the close of the tertiary period, demised suddenly without issue, leaving the honours of the family in subsequent ages to the junior members. The second branch produced the mastodons, huge creatures of elephantine outline and majestic tread, most of them with tusks both in the upper and lower jaws, though the under pair were always the smallest. The third branch produced the true elephants, including both our modern Indian and African species, as well as the mammoth himself, and many other extinct congeners. All the elephants proper have but one solitary pair of tusks, and that pair is quite correctly located in the upper jaw instead of the under one. Thus is evolution justified of all her children.

The true elephants made their first appearance, so far as known, in the Pliocene period, that is to say, the epoch immediately preceding the Great Ice Age in Europe and America. They blossomed out at once, with all the usual impetuosity of youth, into an alarming number of distinct species. The large 'straight-

tusked elephant' of Southern Europe, whose scientific name I will mercifully spare the unoffending reader, was one of the first to appear upon the scene: he ranged over the whole of Italy, France, Britain, and Germany in great numbers, and left his bones behind him in the Florentine deposits as a polite attention, for the Tuscan biologists to write learned memoirs upon. The 'narrow-toothed elephant' was another very early competitor in the same field; and this more enterprising and more northern form, anticipating Sir Edward Watkin and the Channel Tunnel people, marched in still greater numbers across the belt of land where the Straits of Dover now stretch, and freely roamed the verdant plains of Pliocene Britain. His teeth are still frequent in the Norwich crag, and lots of them may be seen in Norwich Museum 'to witness if I lie,' by anyone who chooses to go and look for them. Both of these antique types were extremely sizeable elephants indeed; but all mistaken persons who go on telling us that 'everything was so very big in those days'—those days being presumably the geological equivalent of that precise historical date, the olden time—should remember *per contra* that some early elephants were anything but colossal, one little Maltese species, a sort of diminutive elephantine Shetland, measuring no more than two and a half or three feet high, an unworthy creature to be so much as mentioned in the same day with the late lamented Jumbo.

The Pliocene period was (in a different sense from the slang one) a warm time: tropical plants then flowered, and tropical animals gambolled merrily close up to the Pole, and within the limits of the Arctic Circle. But towards its close, the world's weather began to undergo an unpleasant variation. The glacial epoch was coming on. Things generally were getting colder. And with the approach of the cold weather, plants and animals slowly adapted themselves to the new state of things in the polar and circumpolar regions. The mammoth thus grew out of the earlier elephants, an elephant specially adapted for cold conditions, and guarded by his thick skin and hairy coat from the extreme chilliness of a glacial climate. Now, at the time when the mammoth began to be, it is pretty clear that Europe, Asia, and America were joined in one; for mammoth bones are found over all three continents alike; and this shows that the Atlantic voyage could then be performed overland, probably by means of a great land-bridge extending from Scotland and Scandinavia, via the Orkneys, the Shetlands, the Faroe Islands, and Iceland, to the coast of Greenland and the

American main. Relics of this supposed land-belt still, perhaps, exist in the great bank that stretches right across the face of the North Atlantic, with these various islands rising from its top, the summits of its tallest groups of hills. However that may be, though—for it is, of course, possible that the mammoth rather invaded America by way of a conjectural land-belt across Behring's Straits, still marked, perhaps, by the Aleutian Islands—this much, at least, is fairly certain, that some means of communication then existed between the continents of the Eastern and Western Hemispheres. Over this vast area the mammoth ranged in enormous numbers, from the Mediterranean to the Arctic Sea, and from the Caribbean to the shores of Alaska.

Perhaps, however, the most interesting point of all about the mammoth is the fact of his contemporaneity with our own beloved though somewhat dusky ancestors, whose dinner he provided in their native caves some two hundred thousand years ago or thereabouts. It is now, I suppose, fairly certain that both man and the mammoth were interglacial animals: they lived together, not very amicably, it is true, in the comparatively mild and genial spells which intervened between the worst ice-orgies of the glacial period. Now the glacial period, if we may believe Dr. Croll, the greatest living authority upon that wonderful epoch, set in about two hundred thousand years since, and after suffering several long vicissitudes of alternate warm and cold spells, finally disappeared, at least so far as its worst intensity was concerned, say some eighty thousand years ago. In the caves which our distinguished progenitors inhabited during this chilly episode of the world's history, we find with considerable frequency the bones of the mammoth, which the primitive hunter had no doubt hunted down among the glacial pine-forests as the modern Zulus hunt down the elephant upon the broad plains of subtropical South Africa. And when primitive man had eaten his mammoth, he often proceeded to carve from his big tusks rude needles, harpoons, and knife-handles, or even to add insult to injury by sketching a rough outline of the animal himself on his own ivory. Specimens of all these early works of art have been found in abundance beneath the concreted floors of the French bone caves.

The best-known and most famous of these very antique drawings is the sketch of a mammoth scratched on a bit of his own tusk which was grubbed up in the cave of La Madelaine in the Dordogne by those indefatigable explorers, MM. Christy and

Lartet. This very spirited and life-like drawing, exhibiting distinct marks of the early French impressionist tendency, represents a creature with wide protruding forehead, small shaggy flapping ears, and long tusks with an upward curve, all which peculiarities immediately serve to distinguish the prehistoric beast from its modern congeners, the Indian and African elephants. Long hair covers the head and body; a heavy mane, like that of the American buffalo, droops from the great monster's neck and back. I do not doubt that the nameless artist who sketched this mammoth on a fragment of ivory two thousand centuries or so since had an actual mammoth in sight before him as he drew, so truthful and lifelike are all the details of his curious picture. I can imagine our naked black Landseer, himself as shaggy and hirsute as the Ainos of Japan, seated at his ease beneath the shelter of his domestic cave, and watching the huge brute in the valley below stalk with leisurely tread through some glade of the forest. Flint knife in hand, our artist fixed him on imperishable ivory, and handed down his features for unknown descendants, whose white skins and strange habiliments would vastly have astonished their unsophisticated progenitor.

Comparison of this very ancient impressionist sketch with the drawing 'dessiné d'après la nature,' by a modern trader, of the mammoth found at the mouth of the Lena, shows the naked prehistoric artist to a very distinct and decided advantage. By putting together these two sources of information, side by side with the skeletons and bodies unearthed by Middendorf in 1843 and Benkendorf in 1846, as well as the specimen found in 1864 in the Bay of Yenisei, we are enabled to reconstruct for ourselves with much probability a very correct image indeed of the living mammoth in all his glory. 'Picture to yourself,' says Benkendorf of his own specimen, 'an elephant whose body is covered with thick fur; a beast thirteen feet in height and fifteen in length, with tusks eight feet long, thick and curving outward at their ends, a stout trunk running to six feet, colossal limbs of immense thickness, and a tail naked up to the end, where it terminates in a thick tuft of coarse hair. My animal was fat and well nourished; death had overtaken him in the flower of his age. His parchment ears lay turned up over his head; about his back and shoulders he had stiff hair, a foot in length, hanging down like the mane of a bison. On his body the long outer hair was deep brown, and coarsely rooted; beneath it appeared everywhere a coat of wool, warm and

soft and thick, and of a yellowish brown or auburn colour. Our giant was well protected against the cold. As compared with the Indian elephant, his head was coarse, his brain-case low, small, and narrow, his trunk and mouth much larger. The teeth were powerful. The open eyes made the creature look as if it were alive, and we fancied it might move in a moment and crush us in its anger.' A graphic description this, well set forth, but not more speaking than many of the rude prehistoric etchings.

Two less well-known drawings of the old stone age show even better than the Madelaine sketch how much the ancient cave-haunting artists were given to studying direct from nature in a way that ought to have secured for them the high commendation of the palæolithic Ruskins and Colvins. One of them comes from a cave in Périgord, and represents a mammoth on his walks abroad, just as the prehistoric etcher himself beheld him. The worst of it was, however, the creature would never stand still a minute together, and our artist seems to have regarded mammoths accordingly as 'very bad sitters' for the student of nature. The moment he had got one leg right, another leg was sure to get in the way and spoil it. Twice he tried with his flint scraper to sketch the outline of the creature aright; twice a series of abortive and undecided lines displayed a chaos of fore and hind legs absolutely inextricable in their tangled movements. At last the mammoth halted for a second, and our troglodyte, abandoning his first unsuccessful efforts, traced out in the end on the same bit of bone a fairly accurate profile outline of the colossal beast as he appeared in the act of putting down his trunk to the ground to pick up a bun, or whatever else some preglacial visitor had just thrown him. (I will admit the bun to be a slight anachronism, but I can't for the life of me imagine what else the mammoth can be doing.) The other sketch, a still more impressionist and hasty outline, represents the woolly elephant with his great mouth open, his trunk raised, and his tusks bent in the attitude of charging. The palæolithic hunter who sketched that head must himself have recently executed a strategic movement from in front of just such an infuriated beast; he came to the task fresh from that one-sided contest; and into this early caricature he has thrown with wonderful vividness the impression produced upon his susceptible soul by the huge yawning jaws and fierce assault of his colossal enemy. After all, there was a deal of human nature even in the cave-men.

ONE DAY.

LIKE some old friend from far who visits us
 Still garrulous
 Of long forgotten ways and things of yore
 We knew before,
 Some babbler of old times, old jests, and song
 Dazed 'mid a throng
 Of younger careless strangers who disdain
 His boyhood's reign,
 So from the shadows of the bygone years
 It reappears,
 From an unsealed corner of the brain
 It starts again—
 The memory of a day as clear and gay
 As yesterday.
 And at its bidding adumbrations rise,
 To dreamy eyes,
 Dim splendours of a wide untraversed world
 Once more unfurled,
 Thin, far off mirth, vague sorrow, vanished sights,
 Long dead delights,
 Wonder and hope and joy, the exultant thrill
 Ineffable ;
 The fainting echo and the afterglow
 Of long ago.
 Then as a lonely outcast who hath come
 To find his home
 Changed with changed fortunes, chambers sacred still
 That others fill,
 Whose wild white face to panes uncurtained pressed
 A space might rest

Upon a fireside group, all warmth and glee,
Rest—and then flee !
So swift it came and then as swiftly went,
Its brief life spent,
Into the dense oblivion of the night
It took its flight;
Fled the pale ghost into the wilderness
Companionless ;
Fell the frail bridge the yawning gulfs that spanned
At touch of hand !

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A LIFE'S MORNING.

BY THE AUTHOR OF 'DEMOS,' 'THYRZA,' ETC.

CHAPTER XIII.

THE CUTTING OF THE KNOT.

FOR the final failure of his plot Dagworthy was in no wise prepared. He had anticipated prolonged scenes, passionate pleadings, appeals to his better nature, and to his shame; but that his threat should prove ineffectual was not among his fears. Illustrating a well-known tendency of human nature, his reckless egoism based its confidence on the presumed existence of heroic self-devotion in his victim. Starting from a knowledge of the close affection between Emily and her father, the logic of desire had abundant arguments to prove that the girl must and could act in but one way. Dagworthy's was not an original mind; the self-immolation of daughters (not of sons) on their parents' behalf is among vulgar conceptions of the befitting, and it is more than probable that the mill-owner was half-consciously supported by precedents drawn from his readings in popular fiction. His imagination, as is commonly the case, was only strong in the direction of his wishes; neglecting Emily's avowed attachment to an accepted lover—whose shadowiness made him difficult to realise even as an obstacle—he dwelt persistently on the thought of Hood's position, and found it impossible to imagine a refusal on Emily's part to avert from her father the direst of calamities. That other motive, the strength of which in Emily was independent of her plighted troth, was not within the range of his conceptions; that a woman should face martyrdom rather than marry without love was a contingency alien to his experience and to the philosophy wherewith nature had endowed him. In spite of the attributes of nobleness which so impressed him in the object of his love, Dagworthy could give no credit to the utterance of such a feeling. Whilst Emily spoke, he was for the moment overcome by a vision of vague glories; reflecting on her words, he interpreted them as merely emphasising her determination to wed one only. Their effect was to give new food to his jealousy.

That solace of men's unconscious pessimism, the faith, pathetically clung to, that in frustration of desire is the soul's health, is but too apt to prove itself fallacious just where its efficiency would show most glorious. Is there not lurking somewhere in your mind, notwithstanding the protests of your realistic intelligence, more than half a hope that Richard Dagworthy will emerge radiant from the gulf into which his passions have plunged him? For the credit of human nature! But what if human nature oft establishes its credit by the failures over which we shake our heads? Of many ways to the resting-place of souls, the way of affliction is but one; cling, if it please you, to the assurance that this is the treading of the elect, instinct will justify itself in many to whom the denial of a supreme need has been the closing of the upward path. Midway in his life when slow development waited but occasion to establish the possibilities of a passionate character, Dagworthy underwent the trial destined to determine the future course of his life. One hesitates to impute it to him as a fault that he was not of the elect. A mere uneducated Englishman, hitherto balancing always between the calls from above and from below, with one miserable delusion and its consequent bitterness ever active in his memory, he could make no distinction between the objects which with vehemence he desired and the spiritual advantage which he felt the attainment would bring to him; and for the simple reason that in his case no such distinction existed. Even as the childhood of civilisation knows virtue only in the form of a concrete deity, so to Dagworthy the higher life of which he was capable took shape as a mortal woman, and to possess her was to fulfil his being. With the certainty that she was beyond his reach came failure of the vital forces which promised so much. A pity; for it flatters us poor mortals to discern instances of the soul's independence of the body. I would it had been otherwise with Dagworthy; I have but to relate the facts. It was no dark angel that had whispered to him through the hours of his waiting for Emily's surrender. High aims, pure ambitions, were stronger in him than they ever had been; stronger than they ever would be again. It was when Emily left him with those proud words of defiance that the veritable demon took stand at his ear. The leaping, fruitful sap of his being turned itself to gall. He sat with a brow of blackness; cruel projects worked in his brain.

Not only had he lost her, but his loss was another's gain,

The pricking of jealousy, for a while suspended, again became maddening. He had heard her say that she would die rather than be his wife; judge, then, what must be her love of the man she had chosen. His desire now was to do her injury, and his fiercest torment was the thought that he dared not fulfil the menace with which he had hoped to overwhelm her. If he prosecuted Hood, all the circumstances of the case would inevitably come out; Emily had friends in Dunfield, and if her father's guilt were once disclosed, there would be no reason for her concealment of what had happened; facts like these put forward in mitigation of punishment would supply the town with a fearful subject of comment—nay, was he safe from the clutch of the law? Of these things he had not troubled to think, so assured was he that the mere threat would suffice. From his present point of view it was easy enough to see that the plot had been a wretched piece of bungling; in failing of its end it became the project of a simpleton. Had the girl herself been cool enough to see this? Did she defy him in knowledge of the weakness of his position? Probably not; in that case she would have spoken differently; she had granted, and clearly with sincerity, his power to do what he threatened. And then the fact remained that he could injure Hood irremediably by means short of criminal proceedings. Emily—his reasoning was accurate enough—had not been careful to distinguish between modes of injury, where each meant ruin.

What he dared to do, he would. He was acquainted with the wretched story of struggle which had ended in Hood's taking refuge, as a clerk with a mean salary, from the extremities of destitution. To dismiss the man after private accusation would be to render his prospects worse than ever, for it was easy to whisper here and there the grounds of dismissal. Emily's mouth would be closed by the necessity of keeping secret her father's dishonesty. But this revenge fell short of his appetite for cruelty; it would strike the girl herself only indirectly. And it was possible that her future husband might have it in his power to give her parents aid. Yet he persuaded himself that the case was otherwise; Emily's secrecy had impressed him with the belief that the match she contemplated was anything but a brilliant one. Could he devise no graver hurt? Through the Sunday afternoon and the night which followed, he pondered ceaselessly on means of evil, delighted to flesh his fangs even in imagination. Many a vile plan dwelt with him which he knew he durst not put

into practice. Monday morning came and found him no further than the crime which had first suggested itself. Fevered with eagerness to accomplish that at least, he left home earlier than usual. It might be that the day would bring fresh counsel.

To Emily the hours following upon her visit to the house on the Heath had brought unnatural quietness. Physical suffering troubled her, but the energies of her mind were for the time expended; the aching of her brow involved thought in sluggishness. She did not shun her parents, and even talked with them in a listless way; solitude would have been irksome to her just now. For once she felt glad of her mother's way of spending Sunday; to sit inactive was all that she desired. It was understood that her head distressed her.

In the afternoon, and again in the evening, the single bell of the chapel clanged for worshippers. Mrs. Hood was not in the habit of attending service more than once in the day; she sat on her uneasy chair, at times appearing to read, more often gazing out of the windows. The road had more traffic than on week-days, for it was the recreation of a certain class of Dunfieldians to drive out in parties to the Heath, either hiring a vehicle or using their own trade-carts. It would have been a consolation to observe that in the latter case the quadruped employed benefited by its owner's regard for his own interests; possibly an acute spectator might have discerned gradations of inhumanity. To the casual eye there showed but a succession of over-laden animals urged to the utmost speed; the national predilection exhibiting itself crudely in this locality. Towards nightfall the pleasure-seekers returned, driving with the heightened energy attributable to Bacchic inspiration, singing, shouting, exchanging racy banter with pedestrians. So the hours dragged wearily on, wheezed out, one after one, by the clock on the stairs. Hood was at no time fertile in topics of conversation; to-day he maintained almost unbroken silence. Tea was prepared, partaken of, removed; supper, three hours later. The day closed with rain and a rising wind.

Emily heard it about the house as she lay through hours of sleeplessness. At first a light slumber had come to her; it was broken by the clock striking eleven. Probably she was roused at the first stroke, for, failing to count, the number seemed to her so interminable that she started up and made to herself fretful complaint. Pain was weakening her self-control; she found

herself crying in a weary, desolate way, and could not stop her tears for a long time. The gusts of wind went by her windows and bore their voices away on to the common, wailing and sobbing in the far distance; rain spattered the windows at times. When her tears ceased, Emily hid her face in the pillow and moaned; often she uttered Wilfrid's name. To-day she should by agreement have written to him, but to do so had been impossible. He would be uneasy at her silence. O, how could she ever write to him again? What might happen to-morrow? At the thought, she held her breath and lay in silence.

She rose in time for breakfast, but at the last moment could not bring herself to go down to the meal. To face her father was impossible. Her mother came to the door, and Emily answered her that she would lie for an hour or two longer, being still unwell. During the half-hour that followed she sat listening intently to every sound in the house. Hood, having breakfasted, came upstairs and entered his room; when, a few minutes later, he came out, his steps made a pause at her threshold. Her heart beat in sickening fear; she could not have found voice to reply to him had he spoken. But he did not do so, and went downstairs. She heard him open the front-door, and sprang to the window to catch a glimpse of him. At the gate he turned and looked up to her window; his face was sorrowful. Emily held back that he might not see her; when it was too late she could not understand this movement, and longed to wave him a good-bye. She threw up the sash; her father did not turn again.

We follow him. Not very long after his arrival at the mill, Dagworthy himself appeared. Hood's evil conscience led him to regard with apprehension every unusual event. Dagworthy's unwonted earliness was still troubling his mind, when a messenger summoned him to the private room. There was nothing extraordinary in this, but Hood, as he crossed the passage, shook with fear; before knocking and pushing open the door, he dashed drops from his forehead with his hand. Dagworthy was alone, sitting at the desk.

'Shut the door,' he said, without turning his eyes from a letter he was reading.

The clerk obeyed, and stood for a full minute before anything more was addressed to him. He knew that the worst had come.

Dagworthy faced half round.

'One day early last week,' he began, averting his eyes after a

single glance, 'I was looking over one of these ledgers'—he pointed to the shelf—'and left an envelope to mark a place. I forgot about it, and now that I look, the envelope has gone. It contained a bank-note. Of course you came across it in the course of your work.'

It was rather an assertion than a question. Whilst he was speaking, the courage of despair had taken hold upon his hearer. Like the terrible flash of memory which is said to strike the brain of a drowning man, there smote on Hood's mind a vision of the home he had just quitted, of all it had been and all it might still be to him. This was his life, and he must save it, by whatever means. He knew nothing but that necessity; all else of consciousness was vague swimming horror.

'No, sir,' was his reply, given with perfect firmness, 'I found no envelope.'

Dagworthy's coarse lips formed a smile, hard and cruel. He faced his clerk.

'Oh, you didn't?'

'In which ledger did you leave it, sir?' Hood asked, the dryness of his throat rendering speech more difficult as he proceeded. Still, his eye was fixed steadily on Dagworthy's face; it was life at stake. 'I have not had them all.'

'I don't remember which it was,' replied the other, 'and it doesn't much matter, since I happen to know the note. I dare say you remember buying a new hat in Hebsworth last Friday?'

The love of inflicting pain for its own sake, an element of human nature only overgrown by civilisation, was showing itself strongly in Dagworthy. He was prolonging this scene. On his way to the mill he had felt that the task would be rather disagreeable; but we cannot nurture baseness with impunity, and, face to face with a man under torture, he enjoyed the spectacle as he scarcely would have done a little while ago. Perhaps the feeling that his first blow at Emily was actually struck gave him satisfaction, which he dwelt upon.

Hood made no reply to the question. He would not admit to himself that this was the end, but he had no voice.

'You hear me?' Dagworthy reminded him.

'Yes. I bought a hat.'

'And you paid for it with the note I have lost, I happen to know it.'

There was silence,

'Well, you understand that under ordinary circumstances you would be at once given in charge.' Dagworthy spoke almost cheerfully. 'If I don't do that it's out of consideration for your age and your family. But as you are not to be trusted, of course I can't continue to employ you.'

A wild hope sprang in Hood's eyes, and the rush of gratitude at his heart compelled him to speak.

'Oh, Mr. Dagworthy, you are generous! You have always treated me with kindness; and this is how I repay you. It was base; I deserve no mercy. The temptation--' he grew incoherent; 'I have been driven hard by want of money. I know that is no excuse. I had no intention at first of taking the money; I came here to give it you; I should have done so without a thought of dishonesty, but you happened to be away. In going to Hebsworth I lost my hat, and I had not enough money of my own to buy another; I had to change the note—that was the temptation—I will return it.—But for this work here, I might by now have been in the workhouse. Try, sir, to forgive my baseness; I cannot forgive myself.'

Dagworthy turned his face away.

'Well,' he said, with a wave of the hand, 'all that's too late.'

'Sir,' Hood pursued, spurred by foresight of penury perhaps as much as by dread of having to explain his dismissal at home, for penury had been his relentless foe through life; 'Sir, is it in vain to ask you to give me another chance? I am not a dishonest man; never before has such a temptation come to me, and surely never would again. Will you—I entreat you to think what it means—at my age—my wife—— I ought to be content with thanking you for having spared me—how few would have done that! Let me continue to serve you—a lower salary—if it be ever so little—till I have regained your confidence——'

Dagworthy was drumming with his fingers on the desk. Not for an instant did he falter in his purpose, but it gave him pleasure to be thus prayed to. The employer of labour is not as a rule troubled with a lively imagination; a pity, for it would surely gratify him to feel in its fulness at times his power of life and death. Native defect and force of habit render it a matter of course that a small population should eat or starve at his pleasure; possibly his resolution in seasons of strike is now and then attributable to awakening of insight and pleasure in prolonging his rôle of hunger-god. Dagworthy appreciated his victim's despair

all the more that it made present to him the wretchedness that would fall on Emily. Think not that the man was unashamed. With difficulty he could bring himself to meet Hood's look. But self-contempt may well consist with perseverance in gratification of ignoble instincts.

When Hood ceased, there came this reply.

'I shall not grant what you ask, simply because it is against my principles. I let you off, for it would do me no good to punish you, and certainly, as regards yourself, the lesson will be enough. But I can't keep you in my employ, so we'll talk no more about it. You were going to take your holiday from the end of this week, I think? Very well, let it be supposed that you begin to-day instead, and in a day or two write me a note giving up your place.'

This was not yielding on Dagworthy's part; it merely occurred to him as a way of protecting himself if there should be future need.

Hood was standing with bent head; he seemed unable either to speak or to depart.

'You may go,' Dagworthy said.

'Sir,—I may refer to you?' asked the wretched man, roused by the bidding.

'No, I think not,' was the calm reply. 'Unless, of course, you are willing that I should state the plain facts of the case?'

Hood staggered from the room. . . .

When Emily came down in the course of the morning, her appearance was such that her mother uttered an exclamation of alarm.

'Why, child, you are like a ghost! Why didn't you stay in bed? I was just coming up to you, hoping you'd been asleep. I must go for Dr. Evans at once.'

Emily resisted.

'But I certainly shall, say what you like. No headache would make you look like that. And you're as feverish as you can be. Go up to bed again; you hardly look, though, as if you could climb the stairs. I'll put on my things and go round.'

It was only by affecting anger that Emily could overcome her mother's purpose. She did indeed feel ill, but to submit to treatment was impossible whilst this day lasted. Far worse than her bodily fever was the mental anguish which would not allow her to remain in one place for more than a few minutes at a time

and did not suffer the pretence of occupation. How would it come about? Was her father at this moment in the hands of the police? How would the first news come to Banbrigg, and when? The sound of every vehicle on the road was an approaching terror; she was constantly at the window to watch the people who came near. It had seemed to her that she realised what this trial would be, yet her anticipation had fallen far below the experience of these fearful hours. At instants, she all but repented what she had done, and asked herself if there was not even now a chance of somehow saving her father. The face which he had raised to the window as he left home smote her heart. Not a word of kindness had she spoken to him since Friday night. Oh, what inconceivable cruelty had possessed her, that she let him go this morning without even having touched his hand! Could her mind endure this? Was she not now and then near to delirium? Once she went to the window, and to her horror, could see nothing; a blue and red mist hovered before her eyes. It left her, but other symptoms of physical distress grew from hour to hour, and she dreaded lest strength to endure might wholly forsake her before night came. She tried to picture her father returning as usual; human pity might have spoken even in Dagworthy's heart; or if not so, then he might have been induced to forbear by a hope of winning her gratitude. Very agony made her feel almost capable of rewarding such mercy. For Wilfrid seemed now very far away, and her love had fallen to the background; it was not the supreme motive of her being as hitherto. Would she suffer thus for Wilfrid? The question forced itself upon her, and for reply she shuddered; such bonds seemed artificial compared with those which linked her to her father, the love which was coeval with her life. All feeling is so relative to circumstances, and what makes so stable as the cement of habit?

In the early hours of the afternoon a lull of utter weariness relieved her; she lay upon the couch and all but slept; it was something between sleep and loss of consciousness following on excessive pain. She awoke to find the doctor bending over her; Mrs. Hood had become so alarmed that she had despatched a neighbour secretly on the errand. Emily was passive, and by her way of speaking half disguised the worst features of her state. Nevertheless, the order was given that she should go to bed. She promised to obey.

'As soon as father comes,' she said, when alone again with her mother. 'It cannot be long till his time.'

She would not yield beyond this. But the hour of return came, and her father delayed. Then was every minute an eternity. No longer able to keep her reclining position, she stood again by the window, and her eyes lost their vision from straining upon one spot, that at which Hood would first appear. She leaned her head upon the window-sill, and let her ears take their turn of watching; the first touch of a hand at the gate would reach her. But there came none.

Can hours thus be lived through? Ah, which of us to whom time has not been a torment of hell? Is there no nether Circle, where dread anticipation eternally prolongs itself, eternally varied with hope in vain for ever?

Mrs. Hood had abandoned her useless protests; she came and sat by the girl.

'I've no doubt he's gone to the Walkers,' she kept saying, naming acquaintances with whom Hood occasionally spent an evening. Then, 'And why need you wait for him, my dear? Can't he go up and see you as soon as he gets in?'

'Mother,' Emily said at last, 'will you go to the Walkers' and ask? It is not really very far. Will you go?'

'But, my child, it will take me at least an hour to walk there and back! I should only miss him on the way. Are you afraid of something?'

'Yes, I am. I believe something has happened to him.'

'Those are your fancies. You are very poorly; it is cruel to me to refuse to go to bed.'

'Will you go, mother?—If you do not, I must; ill or not I must go.'

She started to her feet. Her mother gazed at her in fear,—believing it the beginning of delirium.

'Emily, my dear child,' she pleaded, laying her hand on the girl's arm, 'won't you come upstairs,—to please me, dear?'

'Mother, if you will go, I promise to lie here quietly till your return.'

'But it is impossible to leave you alone in the house. Look now, it is nine o'clock; in half an hour, an hour at most, your father will be back. Why, you know how often he stays late when he gets talking.'

Emily was silent for a few minutes. Then she said—

'Will you ask Mrs. Hopkins to send her servant?'

'But think—the trouble it will be giving.'

'Will you do it? I wish it. Will you go and ask her! I will give the girl money.'

'If you are so determined, of course I will ask her. But I'm sure——'

At length she left the room, to go out of the house by the back-door and call at the neighbours'. Scarcely was she away, when Emily darted upstairs, and in an instant was down again, with her hat and a cloak; another moment, and she was out in the road. She did not forget the terror her mother would suffer, on finding her gone; but endurance had reached its limit. It was growing dark. After one look in the direction of Dunfield, she took the opposite way, and ran towards the Heath, ran till her breath failed and she had to drop into a quick walk. Once more she was going to the Upper Heath, and to the house which was the source of all her misery. When she reached the quarry it was quite dark; at her approach she saw the shape of a man move away into the shadow of the quarried rock, and an unreasoning fear spurred her past the spot. Five minutes more and she was at Dagworthy's gate. She rang the door-bell.

The servant told her that Mr. Dagworthy was at home; she declined to give her name, but said she must see him at once. Speedily she was led into a room, where her enemy sat alone.

He looked at her wonderingly, then with a deep flush—for now he surely had gained his end,—he advanced towards her without speaking.

'Where is my father?' she asked; the voice which disabused him did not seem Emily's.

'Isn't he at home?'

'He has not come home. What have you done?'

'Not come home?'

'Then he is free? He is safe—my father? You have spared him?'

Dagworthy inwardly cursed himself for shortsightedness. Were he but able to answer 'Yes,' would she not yield him anything? Why had he not made trial of this policy? Or was it now too late? But Hood had not returned home. The man had gone forth from him in despair. As he gazed at the girl, a suspicion, all but a fear, touched him. Why should Hood remain away from his house?

She was repeating her questions imploringly.

'He is free, as far as I am concerned, Emily.'

'You have forgiven him? Oh, you have had that mercy upon us?'

'Sit down, and let us talk about it,' said Dagworthy.

She did not seem to notice that he had taken her hand; but the next moment he was holding her in his arm, and with a cry she broke away.

'There are others in the house,' she exclaimed, her wild, fearful eyes seeking other exit than that which he stopped. 'I must call for their help. Can you not see that I am suffering—ill? Are you pitiless? But no—no—for you have spared him!'

Dagworthy mastered himself, though it cost him something, and spoke with an effort at gentleness.

'What thanks have you to give me, Emily?'

'My life's gratitude—but that will be your least reward.'

'Ay, but how is the gratitude going to be shown?'

Her keen sense found a fear in his manner of speaking.

'You have not said a word to him,' she asked, seeming to forget his question.

Of what ultimate use was it to lie? And she would not suffer him within reach of her.

'I couldn't very well help doing that,' he replied, unable to resolve how it were best to speak, and uttering the first words that came, carelessly.

'Then he knows you have discovered——'

Her voice failed. Such explanation of her father's absence was a new terror.

'Yes, he knows,' Dagworthy answered, cruelty resuming its fascination. 'I couldn't keep him at the mill, you know, though I let him off his punishment.'

'You dismissed him?'

'I did. It's not too late to have him back, and something better.'

'Let me go!' she said hoarsely.

He moved from the door; sight of such misery vanquished even him.

When she reached home, her mother was standing with two or three neighbours in front of the house; at the sight of Emily there were exclamations of relief and welcome.

'My child, where can you have been?' Mrs. Hood cried, following the girl who passed the garden gate without pausing.

'Is father come?' was the reply.

'No, not yet. But where have you been? Why, you were coming from the Heath, Emily, in the night air, and you so ill!'

'I have been to ask Mr. Dagworthy,' Emily said in a tired voice. 'He knows nothing of him.'

Her strength bore her into the parlour, then she sank upon the couch and closed her eyes. Mrs. Hood summoned the help of her friends. Unresisting, with eyes still closed, silent, she was carried upstairs and laid in her bed. Her mother sat by her. Midnight came, and Hood did not return. Already Mrs. Hood had begun to suspect something mysterious in Emily's anxiety; her own fears now became active. She went to the front door and stood there with impatience, by turns angry and alarmed. Her husband had never been so late. She returned to the bedroom.

'Emily, are you awake, dear?'

The girl's eyes opened, but she did not speak.

'Do you know any reason why your father should stay away?'

A slight shake of the head was the reply.

The deepest stillness of night was upon the house. As Mrs. Hood seated herself with murmured bewailing of such wretchedness, there sounded a heavy crash out on the staircase; it was followed by a peculiar ringing reverberation. Emily rose with a shriek.

'My love—hush! hush!' said her mother. 'It's only the clock-weight fallen. How that does shake my nerves! It did it only last week, and gave me such a start.'

Grasping her mother's hand, the girl lay back, death-pale. The silence was deeper than before, for not even the clock ticked.

Dagworthy could not sleep. At sunrise he had wearied himself so with vain efforts to lie still, that he resolved to take a turn across the Heath, and then rest if he felt able to. He rose and went into the still morning air.

The Heath was beautiful, seen thus in the purple flush of the dawn. He had called forth a dog to accompany him, and the animal careered in great circles over the dewy sward, barking at the birds it started up, leaping high from the ground, mad with

the joy of life. He ran a race with it to the wall which bounded the top of the quarry. The exercise did him good, driving from his mind shadows which had clung about it in the night. Reaching the wall he rested his arms upon it, and looked over Dunfield to the glory of the rising sun. The smoke of the mill-chimneys, thickening as fires were coaled for the day's work, caught delicate reflection from the sky; the lofty spire of the church seemed built of some beautiful rose-hued stone. The grassy country round about wore a fresher green than it was wont to show; the very river, so foul in reality with the refuse of manufactures, gleamed like a pure current.

Dagworthy's eyes fixed themselves on the horizon, and grew wide with the sense of things half understood.

The dog had left him and was gone round into the quarry. A bark came from below. At a second bark Dagworthy looked down. The dog was snuffing at a man who lay between a big piece of quarried stone and a little grass-bordered pool. Asleep—was he? Yet it was not the attitude in which men sleep. The dog barked a third time.

He left his position, and followed the circuit which would bring him down to where the man lay. Whilst still a few yards off, he checked himself. If the man slept, his body was strangely distorted; one arm seemed to be beneath him, the other was extended stiffly; the face looked at the sky. A few steps, and Dagworthy, gazing upon the face, knew it.

A cold shudder thrilled him, and he drew back. His foot struck against something; it was a bottle. He picked it up, and read a word in large print on the white label.

The temptation to look full into the face again was irresistible, though horror shook him as he approached. The features were hideous, the eyes starting from their sockets, the lips drawn back over the teeth. He turned and walked away rapidly, followed by the dog, which roused the quarry echoes with its barking.

'My God! I never thought of that.'

The words uttered themselves as he speeded on. Only at the garden-gate he stayed, and then seemed to reflect upon what he should do. The temptation was to return into the house and leave others to spread the news; there would be workmen in the quarry in less than an hour. Yet he did not do this, but hurried past his own door to the house of a doctor not a hundred yards away. Him he called forth. . . .

About midday a covered burden was brought in a cart to Banbrigg; the cart stopped before the Hoods' house, and two men, lifting the burden, carried it through the gate and to the door. Mrs. Hood had already opened to them, and stood with her face half-hidden. The burden was taken into the parlour, and placed upon the couch. The outline was that of a man's form.

In the kitchen were two women, neighbours; as soon as the men had departed, and the front door was closed, they stole forward, one sobbing, the other pale with fear. They entered the sitting-room, and Mrs. Hood went in with them. She was strangely self-controlled. All three stood looking at the wrapped form, which was that of a man.

'I shan't dare to look at him!' Mrs. Hood whispered. 'The doctor told me I wasn't to. O, my husband!'

With the sublime love of woman, conquering all dread, she dropped to her knees and laid her head on the pillow of the couch by the side of that head so closely shrouded.

'Thank God, Emily can't see this!' she groaned.

'Hadn't I better go up to her?' one of the women asked. Both of them stood at a distance.

'Yes, perhaps you had. But you'll be wanted at home. Stay with me a minute, then I'll lock this door and go up myself.'

At the sound of a hand on the door all turned with a movement of surprise and affright. There entered Emily, hurriedly dressed, her hair loose upon her shoulders. She looked round the room, with half-conscious, pitiful gaze, then upon her mother, then at the form on the couch. She pointed to it.

'He has come?'

Her voice was unearthly. The sound gave her mother strength to run to her, and throw her arms about her, sobbing, terror-stricken.

She suffered herself to be led upstairs, and did not speak.

CHAPTER XIV.

NEWS AND COMMENTS.

As a man who took the world as he found it, and on the whole found it well worth accepting on such terms, Mr. Athel was not likely to allow his annoyance with Wilfrid to threaten the

habitual excellence of his digestion. His disappointment was real enough. When of a sudden Wilfrid had announced that he could not accompany the family party to Switzerland, Mr. Athel was saved from undignified irresolution by a hearty outburst of temper, which saw him well over the Straits before it gave way to the natural reaction, under the influence of which he called himself a blockhead. He had, beyond a doubt, precipitated the marriage, when postponement was the only thing he really cared about. To abuse himself was one thing, the privilege which an Englishman is ready enough to exercise; to have his thoughts uttered to him by his sister with feminine neatness and candour was quite another matter. Mrs. Rossall had in vain attempted to stem the flood of wrath rushing Channelwards. Overcome, she clad herself in meaning silence, until her brother, too ingenuous man, was compelled to return to the subject himself, and, towards the end of the journey, rashly gave utterance to half a wish that he had not left 'that young fool' behind. Mrs. Rossall, herself a little too impetuous when triumph was no longer doubtful, made such pointed remarks on the neglect of good advice that the ire which was cooling shot forth flame in another direction. Brother and sister arrived at Geneva in something less than perfect amity. Their real affection for each other was quite capable of bearing not infrequently the strain of irritability on both sides. A day of mutual causticities had well prepared the ground for the return of good temper, when the arrival of Wilfrid, by astonishing both, hastened their complete reconciliation. Wilfrid was mysterious; for a week he kept his counsel, and behaved as if nothing unusual had happened. By that time Mr. Athel's patience had reached its limit; he requested to be told how matters stood. Wilfrid, determined not to compromise his dignity by speaking first, but glad enough when his father broached the topic, related the story of his visit to Dunfield. Possibly he laid needless emphasis on Emily's unselfish prudence.

'I fail to see the striking meritoriousness of all that,' Mr. Athel observed, put into a good humour by the result and consequently allowing himself a little captiousness. 'It merely means that she behaved as any woman who respected herself would under the circumstances. Your own behaviour, on the other hand—well, let it pass.'

'I don't see that I could have acted otherwise,' said Wilfrid, too contented to care about arguing the point.

'You of course saw her parents?'

Wilfrid had given no detailed account of the way in which his interview with Emily had been obtained. He mentioned it now, his father listening with the frowning smile of a man who judges such puerilities from the standpoint of comfortable middle age.

The tone between them returned before long to the friendliness never previously interrupted. Mr. Athel shortly wrote a letter to Mr. Baxendale of Dunfield, whom he only knew by name as Beatrice Redwing's uncle, and begged for private information regarding Emily's family. He received a courteous reply, the details not of course wholly palatable, but confirmatory of the modest hopes he had entertained. This reply he showed to his sister. Mrs. Rossall raised her eyebrows resignedly, and returned the letter in silence.

'What one expected, I suppose?' said Mr. Athel.

'I suppose so. Mr. Baxendale probably thinks the man has been applying for a position in your pantry.'

'Well, I was obliged, you know, to hint at my reasons for seeking information.'

'You did? Then Beatrice knows all about it by this time. As well that way as any other, I suppose.'

'We shall have to take the matter like reasonable beings, Edith,' said her brother, a trifle annoyed by her failure to countenance him.

'Yes; but you seem anxious that I should rejoice. That would not be very reasonable.'

Something warned Mr. Athel that he had better abstain from rejoinder; he pursed his lips and walked away.

Wilfrid had not spoken of the subject to his aunt since the disclosure at the Firs, and Mrs. Rossall was offended by his silence at least as much as by the prospect of his marrying Miss Hood. Clearly he regarded the matter as no concern of hers, whereas a woman claims by natural right a share in the matrimonial projects of all her male relatives with whom she is on a footing of intimacy. Perhaps the main cause of her displeasure in the first instance had been the fact that things should have got to such a pass without her having as much as suspected the imminence of danger; she regarded Emily as one that had outwitted her. Dearly would she have liked to be able to meet her brother with the assertion that she had suspected it all along; the impossibility of doing so—not from conscientious scruples, but

because in that case it would clearly have been her duty to speak --exasperated her disappointment at the frustration of the match she desired. Now that she was getting used to the state of things, Wilfrid's behaviour to her became the chief ground of her offence. It seemed to her that at least he owed some kind of apology for the distress he had naturally caused her; in truth she would have liked him to undertake the task of winning her over to his side. Between her and her nephew there had never existed a warm confidence, and Wilfrid's present attitude was too much a confirmation of the feeling she had experienced now and then, that his affection was qualified with just a little contempt. She was not, she knew, a strong-minded woman, and on that very account cared more for the special dominion of her sex. Since Wilfrid had ceased to be a hobbleddehoy, it would have become him to put a little more of the courtier into his manner towards her. For are there not countries in which their degree of kin is no bar to matrimony? Mrs. Rossall was of the women who like the flavour of respectful worship in all men who are neither father, brother, nor son. Wilfrid had fallen short of this, and hence the affectation with which she had persisted in regarding him as a schoolboy. His latest exploits were vastly more interesting to her than anything he had done in academic spheres, and she suffered a sense of exclusion in seeing him so determined to disregard her opinion.

She persuaded him to row her out one evening on a lake by which they were spending a few days. Wilfrid, suspecting that she aimed at a tête-à-tête, proposed that his father should accompany them. Mrs. Rossall overruled the suggestion.

'How wonderfully you are picking up,' she said, after watching him pull for a few minutes. 'Do you know, Wilf, your tendency is to stoutness; in a few years you will be portly, if you live too sedentary a life.'

He looked annoyed, and by so doing gratified her. She proceeded.

'What do you think I overheard one of our spectacled friends say this morning—"Sehen Sie mal,"—you were walking at a little distance—"da haben Sie das Muster des englischen Aristokraten. O, der gute, schlichte Junge!"'

Wilfrid had been working up his German. He stopped rowing, red with vexation.

'That is a malicious invention,' he declared.

'Nothing of the kind! The truth of the remark struck me.'

'I am obliged to you.'

'But, my dear boy, what is there to be offended at? The man envied you with all his heart; and it is delightful to see you begin to look so smooth about the cheeks.'

'I am neither an aristocrat, nor *schlicht*!'

'An aristocrat to the core. I never knew anyone so sensitive on points of personal dignity, so intolerant of difference of opinion in others, so narrowly self-willed! Did you imagine yourself to have the air of a hero of romance, of the intense school?'

Wilfrid looked into her eyes and laughed.

'That is your way of saying that you think my recent behaviour incongruous. You wish to impress upon me how absurd I look from the outside?'

'It is my way of saying that I am sorry for you.'

He laughed again.

'Then the English aristocrat is an object of your pity?'

'Certainly; when he gets into a false position.'

'Ah!—well, suppose we talk of something else. Look at the moon rising over that shoulder of the hill.'

'That, by way of proving that you are romantic. No, we won't talk of something else. What news have you from England?'

'None,' he replied, regarding the gleaming drops that fell from his suspended oar.

'And you are troubled that the post brings you nothing?'

'How do you know?'

'Your emotions are on the surface.'

He made no reply.

'Ah!' Mrs. Rossall sighed, 'what a pity you are so independent. I often think a man's majority ought to come ten years later than it does. Most of you are mere boys till thirty at least, and you go and do things that you repent all the rest of your lives. Dare you promise to come to me in ten years and tell me with complete frankness what you think of—a certain step?'

He smiled scornfully.

'Certainly; let us register the undertaking.'

After pausing a moment, he continued with an outburst of vehemence—a characteristic of Wilfrid's speech.

'You illustrate a thought I have often had about women. The majority of you, at all events as you get into the world, have

no kind of faith in anything but sordid motives. You are cynical beyond anything men can pretend to; you scoff at every suggestion of idealism. I suppose it is that which makes us feel the conversation of most women of refinement so intolerably full of hypocrisies. Having cast away all faith, you cannot dispense with the show of it; the traditions of your sex must be supported. You laugh in your sleeves at the very things which are supposed to constitute your claims to worship; you are worldly to the core. Men are very Quixotes compared with you; even if they put on cynicism for show, they are ashamed of it within themselves. With you, fine feeling is the affectation. I have felt it again and again. Explain it, now; defend yourself, if you can. Show me that I am wrong, and I will thank you heartily.'

'My word, what an arraignment!' cried Mrs. Rossall, between amusement at his boldness and another feeling which warmed her cheeks a little. 'But let us pass from broad accusation to particulars. I illustrate all these shocking things—poor me! How do I illustrate them?'

'In the whole of your attitude towards myself of late. You pooh-pooh my feelings, you refuse to regard me as anything but a donkey, you prophesy that in a year or two I shall repent having made a disinterested marriage. I observe the difference between your point of view and my father's. The worst of it is you are sincere: the circumstances of the case do not call upon you for an expression of graceful sentiments, and you are not ashamed to show me how meanly you regard all that is highest and purest in life.'

'Shall I explain it? Women are very quick to get at realities, to see below the surface in conduct and profession. We become, you say, worldly as soon as we get into the world. Precisely because we have to be so wide awake to protect ourselves. We instinctively know the difference between the ring of false and true, and as we hear the false so much the oftener! Your charge against us of want of real feeling is the result of your ignorance of women; you don't see below the surface.'

'Well now, apply all this to the present instance. What has your insight discerned in my proposed marriage to cause you to regard it as a piece of folly?'

'Simply this. You ally yourself with some one from a class beneath your own. Such marriages very, very seldom prove anything but miserable, and *always* bring a great many troubles.

You will say that Miss Hood is raised by education above the class in which she was born; but no doubt she has relatives, and they can't be entirely got rid of. However, that isn't the point I lay most stress on.'

'Well?'

'I am quite sure you will make her miserable. You are marrying too young. Your character is not fixed. In a few years, before that, you will want to get rid of her.'

'Well, that is at all events intelligible. And your grounds for the belief?'

'You are inconstant, and you are ambitious. You might marry a woman from a class higher than your own, and when it is too late you will understand what you have lost.'

'Worldly advantages, precisely.'

'And how if your keen appreciation of worldly advantages results in your wife's unhappiness?'

'I deny the keen appreciation, in your sense.'

'Of course you do. Come to me in ten years and tell me your opinion of women's ways of thinking.'

This was the significant part of their conversation. Wilfrid came to land confirmed in his views; Mrs. Rossall, with the satisfaction of having prophesied uncomfortable things.

She had a letter on the following morning on which she recognised Beatrice Redwing's hand. To her surprise, the stamp was of Dunfield. It proved that Beatrice was on a visit to the Baxendales. Her mother, prior to going to the Isle of Wight, had decided to accept an invitation to a house in the midland counties, which Beatrice did not greatly care to visit; so the latter had used the opportunity to respond to a summons from her friends in the north, whom she had not seen for four years. Beatrice replied to a letter from Mrs. Rossall which had been forwarded to her.

After breakfast, Mrs. Rossall took her brother aside, and pointed out to him a paragraph in Beatrice's letter. It ran thus:—

'A very shocking thing has happened, which I suppose I may mention, as you will necessarily hear of it soon. Miss Hood's father has committed suicide, poisoned himself; he was found dead on a common just outside the town. Nobody seems to know any reason, unless it was trouble of a pecuniary kind. Miss Hood is seriously ill. The Baxendales send daily to make inquiries, and

I am afraid the latest news is anything but hopeful. She was to have dined with us here the day after her father's death.'

There was no further comment; the writer went on to speak of certain peculiarities in the mode of conducting service at St. Luke's church.

Mr. Athel read, and in his manner, whistled low. His sister looked interrogation.

'I suppose we shall have to tell him,' said the former. 'Probably he has no means of hearing.'

'I suppose we must. He has been anxious at not receiving letters he expected.'

'How do you know?'

'I had a talk with him last night.'

'Ah, so I thought. The deuce take it! Of course he'll pack off on the moment. What on earth can have induced the man to poison himself?'

Such a proceeding was so at variance with Mr. Athel's views of life that it made him seriously uncomfortable. It suggested criminality, or at least lunacy, both such very unpleasant things to be even remotely connected with. Poverty he could pardon, but suicide was really disreputable. From the philosophic resignation to which he had attained, he fell back into petulance, always easier to him than grave protest.

'The deuce take it!' he repeated.

Mrs. Rossall pointed to the words reporting Emily's condition at the time of writing.

'That was more than two days ago,' she said, meaningly.

'H'm!' went her brother.

'Will you tell him?'

'I suppose I must. Yes, it is hardly allowable even to postpone it. Where is he?'

Wilfrid was found in the hotel garden.

'Your aunt has had a letter from Beatrice,' Mr. Athel began, with the awkwardness of a comfortable Englishman called upon to break bad news. 'She is staying in Dunfield.'

'Indeed?'

'There's something in the letter you ought to know.'

Wilfrid looked anxiously.

'It appears that Miss Hood's father has—don't let it be a shock to you—has just died, and died, in fact, by his own hands.'

'Has killed himself?' Wilfrid exclaimed, turning pale.

'Yes, I am sorry to say that is the report. Miss Hood is naturally suffering from—from the shocking occurrence.'

'She is ill?' Wilfrid asked, when he had examined his father's face for a moment.

'Yes, I am afraid she is. Beatrice gives no details.'

'You are not keeping anything from me?'

'Indeed, nothing. The words are that she is ill, and, it is feared, seriously.'

'I must go at once.'

It was said with quiet decision. Wilfrid consulted his watch, and walked rapidly to the hotel. He had to wait a couple of hours, however, before he could start on his journey, and he spent the time by himself. His father felt he could be of no use, and Mrs. Rossall found a difficulty in approaching her nephew under such circumstances.

'You will telegraph?' Mr. Athel said, at the station, by way of expressing himself sympathetically.

The train moved away; and the long, miserable hours of travelling had to be lived through. Wilfrid's thoughts were all the more anxious from his ignorance of the dead man's position and history. Even yet Emily had said very little of her parents in writing to him; he imagined all manner of wretched things to connect her silence with this catastrophe. His fears on her own account were not excessive; the state of vigorous health into which he had grown during late weeks perhaps helped him to avoid thoughts of a desperate kind. It was bad enough that she lay ill, and from such a cause; he feared nothing worse than illness. But his uneasiness increased as time went on; the travelling seemed intolerably tardy. He had to decide what his course would be on reaching Dunfield, and decision was not easy. To go straight to the house might result in painful embarrassments; it would at all events be better first to make inquiries elsewhere. Could he have recourse to Beatrice? At first the suggestion did not recommend itself, but nothing better came into his mind, and, as his impatience grew, the obstacles seemed so trifling that he overlooked them. He remembered that the address of the Baxendales was unknown to him; but it could easily be discovered. Yes, he would go straight to Beatrice.

Reaching London at ten o'clock in the morning, he drove directly to King's Cross, and pursued his journey northwards. Though worn with fatigue, excitement would not allow him more

than a snatch of sleep now and then. When at length he stepped out at Dunfield, he was in sorry plight. He went to an hotel, refreshed himself as well as he could, and made inquiry about the Faxendales' address. At four o'clock he presented himself at the house, and sent in a card to Beatrice.

The Faxendales lived in St. Luke's, which we already know as the fashionable quarter of Dunfield. Their house stood by itself, with high walls about it, enclosing a garden; at the door were stone pillars, the lower half painted a dull red. It seemed the abode of solid people, not troubled with scruples of taste. It was with surprise that Wilfrid found himself in a room abundantly supplied with books and furnished in library fashion. His state of mind notwithstanding, he glanced along a few shelves, discovering yet more unexpected things, to wit, philosophical works. Unfortunately the corners of the room showed busts of certain modern English statesmen; but one looks for weaknesses everywhere.

Beatrice entered, rustling in a light, shimmery dress. Her face expressed embarrassment rather than surprise; after the first exchange of glances, she avoided his eager look. Her hand had lain but coldly in his. Wilfrid, face to face with her, found more difficulty in speaking than he had anticipated.

'I have come directly from Switzerland,' he began. 'You mentioned in a letter to my aunt that——'

His hesitation of a moment was relieved by Beatrice.

'You mean Miss Hood's illness,' she said, looking down at her hands, which were lightly clasped on her lap.

'Yes. I wish for news. I thought it likely you might know——'

Probably it was the effect of his weariness; he could not speak in his usual straightforward way; hesitancy, to his own annoyance, made gaps and pauses in his sentences.

'We heard this morning,' Beatrice said, looking past his face to the window, 'that she is better. The danger seems to be over.'

'There has been danger?'

'The day before yesterday she was given up.'

'So ill as that.' Wilfrid spoke half to himself, and indeed it cost him an effort to make his voice louder. He began 'Can you tell me——' and again paused.

'Have you heard nothing from any other quarter?' Beatrice asked, after a silence of almost a minute.

He looked at her, wondering what she knew of his relations to Emily. It was clear that his interest occasioned her no surprise.

'I came away immediately on hearing what your letter contained. There is no one else with whom I could communicate. I hesitated to go to the house, not knowing—— Will you tell me what you know of this horrible event?'

Beatrice stroked one hand with the other, and seemed to constrain herself to look up and to speak.

'I myself know nothing but the fact of Mr. Hood's death. It took place some ten days ago, on Monday of last week. I arrived here on the Wednesday.'

'Of course there was an inquest—with what results?'

'None, beyond the verdict of suicide. No definite cause could be discovered. It is said that he suffered from very narrow means. His body was found by Mr. Dagworthy.'

'Who is Mr. Dagworthy?'

'I thought you probably knew,' returned Beatrice, glancing quickly at him. 'He was employed by Mr. Dagworthy as clerk in a manufactory. He had just left for his summer holiday.'

'What evidence did his employer give?'

'He only stated that Mr. Hood had been perfectly regular and satisfactory at his work.'

'Then in truth it is a mystery?'

'Mr. Baxendale thinks that there had been a long struggle with poverty, quite enough to account for the end.'

Wilfrid sat in gloomy silence. He was picturing what Emily must have endured, and reproaching himself for not having claimed a right to her entire confidence, when it was in his power to make that hard path smooth, and to avert this fearful misery. Looking up at length, he met the girl's eyes.

'I need not explain myself to you, Beatrice,' he said, finding at last a natural tone, and calling her by her Christian name because he had much need of friendly sympathy. 'You appear to know why I have come.'

She answered rather hurriedly.

'I should not have known but for something that Mrs. Baxendale told me. Mr. Athel wrote a short time ago to ask for information about them—about the Hoods.'

'He wrote?'

Wilfrid heard it with a little surprise, but without concern.

'Do you know whether Mrs. Hood is alone—with her?' he went on to ask.

'I believe so.'

'And she is better? He added quickly, 'Has she proper attendance? Have any friends been of aid?'

'The Baxendales have shown much kindness. My aunt saw her yesterday.'

'Will it be long before she is able to leave her room, do you know?'

'I am not able to say. Mrs. Baxendale hopes you will go upstairs and see her; she can tell you more. Will you go?'

'But is she alone? I can't talk with people.'

'Yes, she is alone, quite.'

He rose. The girl's eyes fixed themselves on him again, and she said:

'You look dreadfully tired.'

'I have not slept, I think, since I left Thun.'

'You left them all well?' Beatrice asked, with a change in her voice, from anxious interest which would have veiled itself, to the tone of one discharging a formal politeness.

Wilfrid replied with a brief affirmative, and they ascended the stairs together to a large and rather dim drawing-room, with a scent of earth and vegetation arising from the great number of growing plants arranged about it. Beatrice presented her friend to Mrs. Baxendale, and at once withdrew.

The lady with whom Wilfrid found himself talking was tall and finely made, not very graceful in her bearing, and with a large face, the singular kindness of which speedily overcame the first sense of dissatisfaction at its plainness. She wore a little cap of lace, and from her matronly costume breathed a pleasant freshness, akin to the activity of her frame. Having taken the young man's hand at greeting, she held it in both her own, and with large, grey eyes examined his face shrewdly. Yet neither the action nor the gaze was embarrassing to Wilfrid; he felt, on the contrary, something wonderfully soothing in the pressure of the warm, firm hands, and in her look an invitation to the repose of confidence which was new in his experience of women—an experience not extensive, by the bye, though his characteristic generalisations seemed to claim the opposite. He submitted from the first moment to an influence maternal in its spirit, an influence which his life had lacked, and which can perhaps only

be fully appreciated either in mature reflection upon a past made sacred by death, or on a meeting such as this, when the heart is open to the helpfulness of disinterested sympathy. Mrs. Baxendale's countenance was grave enough to suit the sad thoughts with which she sought to commune, yet showed an under-smile, suggesting the consolation held in store by one much at home in the world's sorrows. As she smiled, each of her cheeks dimpled softly, and Wilfrid could not help noticing the marvellous purity of her complexion, as well as the excellent white teeth just visible between her lips.

'So you have come all the way from Switzerland,' she said, leading him to a chair, and seating herself by him. Her voice had a touch of masculine quality, even as her shape and features, but it chained attention, and impressed as the utterance of a large and strong nature. 'You are tired, too, with travel; I can see that. When did you reach Dunfield?'

'Half an hour ago.'

'And you came here at once. Beatrice and I were on the point of going to Hebsworth this afternoon; I rejoice that we did not. I'm continually afraid lest she should find the house dull. My husband and myself are alone. My eldest girl was married three months ago, my younger one is just gone to Germany, and my son is spending half a year in the United States; the mother finds herself a little forsaken. It was really more than kind of Beatrice to come and bury herself with me for a week or two.'

She passed by tactful transition to the matter in hand.

'Wasn't it a strange link that she should meet Miss Hood at your house! She has been so saddened. I never yet knew any one who could talk with Emily without feeling deep interest in her. My daughter Louisa, I am convinced, will never forget what she owes to her teacher. She and my youngest child used to be Miss Hood's pupils—perhaps you have heard? My own Emily—she is dead—was passionately fond of her namesake; she talked of her among the last words she ever spoke, poor little mite.'

'Miss Redwing tells me you saw her yesterday,' Wilfrid said.

'Yes, for the first time.'

'Was she conscious?'

'Quite. But I was afraid to talk to her more than a minute or two; even that excited her too much. I fear you must not let her know yet of your presence.'

'I am glad I knew nothing of this till the worst was over.'

From the way in which she spoke of her father, I should have feared horrible things. Did you know him with any intimacy?’

‘Only slightly, I am sorry to say. The poor man seems to have had a very hard life; it is clear to me that sheer difficulty in making ends meet drove him out of his senses. Are you a student of political economy?’ she asked suddenly, looking into Wilfrid’s face with a peculiar smile.

‘I am not. Why do you ask?’

‘It is the one subject on which my husband and I hold no truce. Mr. Baxendale makes it one of his pet studies, whilst I should like to make a bonfire of every volume containing such cruel nonsense. You must know, Mr. Athel, that I have an evil reputation in Dunfield; my views are held dangerous; they call me a socialist. Mr. Baxendale, when particularly angry, offers to hire the hall in the Corn Exchange, that I may say my say and henceforth spare him at home. Now think of this poor man. He had a clerkship in a mill, and received a salary of disgraceful smallness; he never knew what it was to be free of anxiety. The laws of political economy will have it so, says my husband; if Mr. Hood refused, there were fifty other men ready to take the place. He couldn’t have lived at all, it seems, but that he owned a house in another town, which brought him a few pounds a year. I can’t talk of such things with patience. Here’s my husband offering himself as a Liberal candidate for Dunfield at the election coming on. I say to him: What are you going to do if you get into Parliament? Are you going to talk political economy, and make believe that everything is right, when it’s as wrong as can be. If so, I say, you’d better save your money for other purposes, and stay where you are. He tells me my views are impracticable; then, I say, so much the worse for the world, and so much the more shame for every rich man who finds excuses for such a state of things. It is dreadful to think of what those poor people must have gone through. They were so perfectly quiet under it that no one gave a thought to their position. When Emily used to come here day after day, I’ve often suspected she didn’t have enough to eat, yet it was impossible for me to ask questions, it would have been called prying into things that didn’t concern me.’

‘She has told me for how much kindness she is indebted to you,’ Wilfrid said, with gratitude.

‘Pooh! What could I do? Oh, don’t we live absurdly artificial

lives? Now why should a family who, through no fault of their own, are in the most wretched straits, shut themselves up and hide it like a disgrace? Don't you think we hold a great many very nonsensical ideas about self-respect and independence and so on? If I were in want, I know two or three people to whom I should forthwith go and ask for succour; if they thought the worse of me for it, I should tell them they ought to be ashamed of themselves. We act, indeed, as if we ourselves had made the world and were bound to pretend it an admirable piece of work, without a screw loose anywhere. I always say the world's about as bad a place as one could well imagine, at all events for most people who live in it, and that it's our plain duty to help each other without grimacings. The death of this poor man has distressed me more than I can tell you; it does seem such a monstrously cruel thing. There's his employer, a man called Dagworthy, who never knew what it was to be without luxuries,—I'm not in the habit of listening to scandal, but I believe there's a great deal of truth in certain stories told about his selfishness and want of feeling. I consider Mr. Dagworthy this poor man's murderer; it was his bounden duty to see that a man in his employment was paid enough to live upon,—and Mr. Hood was not. Imagine what suffering must have brought about such an end as this. A sad case,—say people. I call it a case of crime that enjoys impunity.'

Wilfrid listened gloomily. The broad question stirred him to no strong feeling, but the more he heard the more passionate was his longing to bear Emily away from the scenes of such a past. With what devotion would he mould his life to the one task of healing her memory! Yet he knew it must be very long before her heart could recover from the all but deadly wound it had received. A feeling which one may not call jealousy,—that were too inhuman,—but still one of the million forms which jealousy assumes to torture us, drove him to ask himself what the effect of such a crisis in her life might be on Emily's love for him. There would always remain in her inmost soul one profound sadness in which he had no part, and which by its existence would impugn the supremacy of that bond which united him and her.

'How does Mrs. Hood bear it?' he asked, when he found Mrs. Baxendale again examining his face.

'I think Emily's illness has been her great help,—poor creatures that we are, needing one great grief to balance another.

But she seems in a very weak state; I didn't like her look yesterday.'

'Will you describe her to me?' asked Wilfrid.

'She is not the kind of mother you would give to Emily. I'm afraid her miserable life has told upon her greatly, both in mind and body.'

'Emily never spoke of her, though so often of her father.'

'That is what I should have expected. Still, you must not think her quite unworthy. She speaks as an educated woman, and is certainly very devoted.'

'What of her present position? She must be in extreme difficulties.'

'No, she wants nothing for the present. Friends have been very anxious to help her. That's what I say,—only let your misery drive you out of the world, and people will find out all at once how very easily they might have saved you. A hundredth part of the interest that has been shown in the family since poor Mr. Hood's death would have found endless ways of making his life very different. All sorts of people have suddenly discovered that he really was a very deserving man, and that something ought long since to have been done for him. I don't know what has been told you of his history. He was once in independent business; I don't know exactly what. It was only utter failure that drove him to the miserable clerkship. How admirable it was of a man in such circumstances to have his daughter so well educated!'

Wilfrid smiled.

'Emily,' he said, with gentle fervour, 'would have found her own way.'

'Ah, don't depreciate his care!' Mrs. Baxendale urged. 'You'll find out by degrees what a great deal of heathen doubt there is in me; among other things, I am impressed by the power of circumstances. Emily would always have been a remarkable girl, no doubt; but, without her education, you and I should not have been talking about her like this, even if we had known her. We can't dispense with these aids; that's where I feel the cruelty of depriving people of chances. Men and women go to their graves in wretchedness who might have done noble things with an extra pound a week to live upon. It does not sound lofty doctrine, does it? But I have vast faith in the extra pound a week. Emily had the advantage of it, however it was managed.'

I don't like to think of her as she might have been without it. What was it Beatrice called me yesterday? A materialist; yes, a materialist. It was a reproach, though she said it in the kindest way; I took it as a compliment. We can't get out of the world of material; how long will the mind support itself on an insufficient supply of dry bread?'

Wilfrid's intellectual sympathies were being aroused by his new friend's original way of talking. He began to feel a keen satisfaction at having her near him in these troubles.

'Do you think,' he asked, returning to his immediate needs, 'that I might write to her?'

'Not yet; you mustn't think of it yet.'

'Does Mrs. Hood——' he hesitated. 'Do you think Emily has told her mother—has spoken to her of me?'

Mrs. Baxendale looked surprised. 'I can't say; I took it for granted.'

'I wonder why she was reluctant to do so?' Wilfrid said, already speaking with complete freedom. 'Her father cannot have known; it would have relieved his worst anxieties; he would surely never have been driven to such things.'

'No; I think not. The poor girl will feel that, I fear. I suppose one can get a glimpse of her reasons for keeping silence?' She gave Wilfrid a friendly glance as she spoke.

'How glad I am,' he exclaimed, 'to be able to talk to you! I should have been in the utmost difficulties. Think of my position if I had been without a friend in the town. Then, indeed, but for Miss Redwing I should have heard nothing even yet.'

'She wrote to you?'

'Not to me; she mentioned the matter in a letter to my aunt, Mrs. Rossall.'

'Did Beatrice—you let me question?—did she know?'

'Only, she says, in consequence of a letter my father addressed to Mr. Baxendale.'

The lady smiled again.

'I ask because Beatrice is now and then a little mysterious to me. I spoke to her of that letter in the full belief that she must have knowledge of the circumstances. She denied it, yet, I thought, as if it were a matter of conscience to do so.'

'I think it more than likely that my aunt had written to her on the subject. And yet—no; she would not have denied it to you. That would be unlike her.'

‘Yes, I think it would.’

Mrs. Baxendale mused. Before she spoke again a servant entered the room with tea.

‘You will be glad of a cup, I am sure,’ said the lady. ‘And now, what do you propose to do? Shall you return to London?’

‘Oh, no! I shall stay in Dunfield till I am able to see her.’

‘Very well. In that case you will not refuse our hospitality. The longer you stay the better pleased I shall be.’

She would hear of no difficulties.

‘I wouldn’t ask you,’ she said, ‘if I were not able to promise you any degree of privacy you like. A sitting-room is at your disposal—begging to be occupied since my boy Charlie went away. My husband is over head and ears in electioneering business, foolish man, and I can’t tell you how I feel the need of someone to talk to on other subjects than the manufacture of votes. Where is your luggage?’

Wilfrid named the hotel.

‘It shall be fetched. And now I’ll ask my niece to come and pour out tea for us.’

With the entrance of Beatrice the conversation naturally took a different turn. She heard with becoming interest of Wilfrid’s establishment as a guest, and, after a little talk of Mrs. Rossall and the twins, led to the subject of certain ‘revivalist’ meetings then being held in Dunfield, an occasion of welcome excitement to such of the inhabitants as could not absorb themselves in politics. Mrs. Baxendale seemed to regard the religious movement dispassionately, and related a story she had from her husband of a certain prominent townsman driven to such a pass by his wife’s perpetual absence from home on revivalist expeditions, that he at length fairly turned the key on her in her bedroom, and through the keyhole bade her stay there till she had remembered her domestic duties. He was that night publicly prayed for at a great meeting in the Corn Exchange as one who, not content with losing his own soul, did his best to hold back others from the way of grace.

Beatrice affected to pay no heed to this anecdote.

‘What is your side in politics?’ she asked Wilfrid. ‘Here we are all either Blues or Yellows?’

‘What do they represent?’ Wilfrid inquired.

‘Oh, you shouldn’t ask that,’ said Mrs. Baxendale. ‘Yellow

is yellow, and Blue, blue; nothing else in the world. I think it an excellent idea to use colours. Liberal and Conservative suggest ideas; names, therefore, quite out of place in Dunfield politics—or any other politics, I dare say, if the truth were known. My husband is a Yellow. It pleases him to call himself a Liberal, or else a Radical. He may have been a few months ago; now he's a mere Yellow. I tell him he's in serious danger of depriving himself of two joys; in another month a cloudless sky and the open sea will be detestable to him.'

'But what are you, Mr. Athel?' Beatrice asked. 'A Liberal or a Conservative? I should really find it hard to guess.'

'In a Yellow house,' he replied, 'I am certainly Yellow.'

'Beatrice is far from being so complaisant,' said Mrs. Baxendale. 'She detests our advanced views.'

'Rather, I know nothing of them,' the girl replied. The quiet air with which she expressed her indifference evinced a measure of spiritual pride rather in excess of that she was wont to show. Indeed, her manner throughout the conversation was a little distant to both her companions. If she jested with Wilfrid it was with the idleness of one condescending to subjects below the plane of her interests. To her aunt she was rather courteous than affectionate.

Whilst they still sat over tea, Mr. Baxendale came in. Like his wife, he was a man of liberal proportions, and he had a face full of practical sagacity; if anything, he looked too wide awake, a fault of shrewd men, constitutionally active, whose imagination plays little part in their lives. He wore an open frock-coat, with much expanse of shirt-front. The fore part of his head was bald, and the hair on each side was brushed forward over his ears in a manner which gave him a singular appearance. His bearing was lacking in self-possession; each of his remarks was followed by a short laugh, deprecatory, apologetic. It seemed impossible to him to remain in a state of bodily repose; even with a cup of tea in his hand he paced the room. Constantly he consulted his watch—not that he had any special concern with the hour, but from a mere habit of nervousness.

He welcomed the visitor with warmth, at the same time obviously suppressing a smile of other than merely polite significance: then he began at once to speak of electioneering matters, and did so, pacing the carpet, for the next half hour. Wilfrid listened with such show of interest as he could command; his

thoughts were elsewhere, and weariness was beginning to oppress him.

Shortly after dinner fatigue passed the point at which it could be struggled against. Long waking, the harassment of fears at length consoled, and the exhaustion consequent upon his journey, besieged him with invincible drowsiness. Mrs. Baxendale, observing it, begged him to discard ceremony and go to rest. Gladly he suffered himself to be led to his room; once there, he could not note the objects about him; the very effort of taking off his clothes was almost beyond his strength. Sleep was binding his brows with oblivion, and relaxing every joint. His dearest concerns were nothing to him; with a wave of the hand he would have resigned an eternity of love; cry to him blood-chilling horrors, and his eyelids would make no sign. The feather-softness moulded itself to his limbs; the pillows pressed a yielding coolness to his cheek; his senses failed amid faint fresh odours. Blessed state! How enviable above all waking joys the impotence which makes us lords of darkness, the silence which suffers not to reach our ears so much as an echo of the farce of life.

(To be continued.)

